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The Week

IN ANOTHER column we submit some reasons for believing that in the prevailing circumstances an agreement between France and the United States as to a funding of the debt might easily be purchased at too high a price. The worst danger is that the French Commissioners in order to effect a nominal settlement and remove the obstacles to a loan may assume obligations which France would be obliged eventually to repudiate. But in any event we trust that the American Commission will fully consider the actual and prospective inability of France to pay. None of her creditors can collect the full amount of the claims. The French government owes to its foreign and domestic creditors 37 percent of the national wealth. A part of the debt will have to be repudiated. The question is, which class of creditors will escape with the smallest loss. The more the French government pays abroad the less it can pay at home. The more it pays the United States the less it can pay Great Britain. At present the position of the foreign creditors, in spite of the fact that they are receiving no interest, is stronger than that of the domestic creditors. They can force France to pay them out of resources which she now devotes to the settlement of her domestic debts, but it would be unwise for them to press France too hard. They might provoke a revolution. A Fascist France would be a much more unmanageable member of the society of nations than a Republican France.

THE reports from Geneva which a week ago were roseate with the expectation of a new dawn, have now again assumed the leaden hues with which the past seven years have made us all too familiar. The French project for a disarmament conference has died a-borning. Great Britain put her foot down, and the discussion ended. As usual, Russia is made the scapegoat. It is explained that while she remains outside the circle, the future security of Europe cannot be guaranteed; and that until the security problem is settled, talk of disarmament is idle. It is amusing to hear the British mouthing the argument which has been for so long the copyrighted property of the French. Nevertheless, we believe they are right. A general disarmament conference, in the present state of the world's affairs, has so little chance of success that its possible dangers far outweigh any good it might do.

EQUALLY discouraging at the moment is the outlook for the much-vaunted security pact among Great Britain, Germany and France. The German Nationalists are now following the same policy of sabotage which they pursued for some time in regard to the Dawes plan. They insist that only the Franco-German frontier shall be the subject of agreement, and that any arrangements covering the relations between Germany and Poland or Czechoslovakia must be made through independent negotiations between those two powers and Berlin. It may be that the Nationalists will in the long run change their tune as they did on the Dawes plan; but at present, for these and other reasons, the difficulties in the way of the security pact are still sufficiently serious to leave the outcome in grave doubt.

THE proceedings of the Conference on American Relations with China, held at Baltimore last week, will be reported in detail in our next issue. In its closing hours the conference surprised some of the conservatives present by adopting a vigorous statement of policy demanding the abolition of extra-territoriality and foreign control of customs,

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and urging the United States, if the other powers refuse to take these steps, to move independently in the matter. Inasmuch as this was the most notable gathering of American experts on China ever held, its action cannot fail to have important repercussions both in China itself and elsewhere. Incidentally, the action of the conference resulted in producing a priceless observation by two of the business men present, Mr. Joseph J. Keegan of Shanghai and Mr. E. S. Glines of New York. In an indignant public protest attacking the statement adopted, they observe:

> The missionary group throughout the conference seemed to forget that their year to year monetary support comes from the business man and that there is every evidence of the situation eventuating in a manner that will seriously militate against their interests.

In other words, "The missionaries had better agree with the business men or we will starve them out."

ONLY a day or so before the conference adopted its statement, the well-informed Thomas F. Millard in a Shanghai dispatch to the New York Times made a similar plea that if it proves necessary the United States should act alone. He showed profound pessimism regarding the likelihood that Japan and Great Britain will be willing to yield sufficiently to end the Chinese unrest. He also pointed out that the policy of asking the smaller European powers to participate in the coming conferences is unwise, since they are sure to take advantage of the necessity for unanimous votes to stand out and bargain on their own account, at the expense of China. He thinks the United States by acting alone and renouncing her special privileges would share the good will which is now enjoyed by Russia and Germany, and would find that in every respect our nationals residing and doing business in China would be better off than before. We believe Mr. Millard is unquestionably right; and we wish we could see any likelihood that the present American government will have the courage, generosity and far-sightedness to put his proposal into effect.

THE Americans who are anti-Chinese are in the habit of talking as though the abolition of extra-territoriality would mean no less than the end of the world for every foreigner in China. We might get more excited about the prospect were it not for the fact that Germany has renounced all extra-territorial rights, and her citizens are not only continuing to exist, but are prospering unmolested. John A. Brailsford, the able correspondent of the Baltimore Sun in China, recently made a tour of the country and talked to a large number of German business men on this subject. They were unanimous in reporting that the abolition of extra-territoriality was not hampering them; and that on the contrary, it had brought increased good will which was of decided value. They made the suggestion that in cases involving a foreigner it might be well to have a foreign judge—preferably not of the same nationality—sit with the court. Such a device as this, it is generally believed, would be quite acceptable to the Chinese and would prevent decisions which, while entirely just and reasonable from the Oriental point of view, seem less so to the West.

THE State Department differs from the Bourbons in one respect: while it learns nothing, it forgets a great deal. It has evidently forgotten all the vast amount of needless trouble it created for itself by the gag on County Károlyi; and has gone on serenely to the exclusion from this country of Shapurji Saklatvala, a Parsee, a communist and a member of the British House of Commons, who had planned to attend the Washington meeting of the Interparliamentary Union. Mr. Kellogg has thereby, we need hardly say, done more to aid Mr. Saklatvala's doctrines, and to injure America's reputation, than the most enterprising communist orator could do in a lifetime. Mr. Saklatvala and his friends owe Mr. Kellogg a vote of gratitude; but it is not one in which any patriotic American, concerned for the preservation of the American principles, can share.

THE legal basis alleged for the exclusion is that section of the immigration law which forbids admission of

> anarchists, or persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force or violence of the government of the United States or of all forms of law or who disbelieve in or are opposed to organized government or who advocate the assassination of public officials, or who advocate or teach the unlawful destruction of property; persons who are members of or affiliated with any organization entertaining and teaching disbelief in or opposition to organized government, or who advocate or teach the duty, necessity or propriety of the unlawful assaulting or killing of any officer or officers, either of specific individuals or of officers generally, of the government of the United States or of any other organized government because of his or their official character or who advocate or teach the unlawful destruction of property . . . .

Mr. Saklatvala insists that he is being barred through misinterpretation of a speech made in the House of Commons, referring to British policy toward India; but this point seems to us of small importance and he would cut a much better figure if he ignored it. It is certainly true that he is an extreme communist. If he really were an immigrant, the State Department could probably make a fairly plausible cause under the existing law. But he is not an immigrant. He is a member of the British House of Commons who seeks to come to this country for a short period of time as a delegate to an important international conference which happens to be meeting on our shores. Even Messrs. Kellogg and Coolidge cannot pretend to believe that

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during the course of its sessions he can send our sacred institutions tumbling. It is much more likely, in our opinion, that his exclusion is a piece of plain political propaganda, undertaken in the belief that the fortunes of the administration will be advanced by any action, however unnecessary, unwise and unjust, which appeals to the anti-Red sentiment. We are sorry to say that in this assumption Mr. Coolidge is probably as astute as, in political matters, he almost invariably is.

AS OUR Washington correspondent points out elsewhere in this issue, the results of the primary elections on September 16, were of a nature anything but pleasing to the Republican party. Not only was New York City freed from the Hylan incubus but the prestige of Governor Smith was sufficiently augmented to increase the likelihood that he will run against Senator Wadsworth and will be able to defeat him. In Wisconsin, Robert La-Follette, Jr., won an overwhelming victory in the primaries, and is practically certain to repeat this in the final election which takes place on Tuesday next. The Coolidge Republicans, after making frantic efforts to defeat him, have virtually thrown up the sponge. They have abandoned their own candidate, Roy P. Wilcox, and have joined the Ku Klux Klan in getting behind E. F. Dithmar, running as an independent. Wilcox charges that he was deserted because he is a Roman Catholic; and the incident has occasioned the bitterest feeling. Even Coolidge admirers feel that his machine has blundered badly; and the development seems to remove the last doubt that the youthful LaFollette will again emerge victorious, and the Senate will add to its ranks a man who by intelligence, courage and steadfast adherence to the principles to which his father's life was devoted will be of great usefulness in the unending battle against entrenched special privilege.

THE New Republic has many times called attention to the rising tide of disrespect for courts and judicial processes in this country, and suggested some of the possible causes. The best statement on this subject we recall having seen is that made by Dean Pound of Harvard Law School, in the following recent letter to the New York Law Review, which has been conducting a symposium on this theme:

> I think your diagnosis of the facts is a sound one. The public mind does not make clear distinctions, and is not likely to differentiate judicial power over legislation from other features of administration of justice. There is much to create a popular impression that justice is politics-ridden.
>
> Thus the Department of Justice recently seems to have been acting more in the spirit of the law officers of the Stuarts than in that of the common law. Such things as the recent decision in Wyoming, coupled with the easy way in which the Department of Justice allowed itself to be rushed into trial in the absence of testimony, the easygoing way in which the Department of Justice allowed the statute of limitations to run in Washington before proceeding to get a new indictment against Fall, and thus committed itself to prosecute a hypothetical conspiracy instead of a perfectly clear and certain case of bribery, while at the same time persisting in trying Senator Wheeler over again in Washington after he had been acquitted at a full, fair and complete trial in Montana in which the government succeeded clearly in establishing that it had no case—such things, I say, impair public confidence in our administration of justice beyond any repair in the way of manifestoes and pronunciamentoes from the bar.
>
> I cannot but feel that the bar ought to be more thoroughly awake to the condition of the administration of justice in this country today. Instead of exhorting the public to respect for law, and denouncing every one who suggests that things are not in all respects as they should be, the bar ought to look actual conditions in the face and lawyers ought to exert themselves courageously and individually to put our administration of justice where it ought to be. One need only read week by week the advance sheets of the National Reporter System to see that the country over we are reverting in large measure to the methods of Stuart England. It was reaction from these methods that brought about the lax administration of punitive justice in this country in the nineteenth century.
>
> If we want to improve the administration of criminal justice in this country we must begin at the beginning and study the subject thoroughly. A recrudescence of the methods of Stuart England can only bring about another reaction. In the meantime the public, whose eye is chiefly upon the criminal law, will treat the whole subject of the administration of justice as a unit, and presently the steamroller of legislation and constitutional amendment will flatten out the good and the bad. This may be avoided, but the way to avoid it is not to decry all agitation, but to substitute an intelligent agitation based upon thoroughgoing study of the situation.
>
> ROSCOE POUND.

THE recent decision of the British government in regard to the crisis in the coal industry of course in no way solved the difficulties with which the latter is confronted. It merely prevented an immediate strike by promising a subsidy, which will be at least $65,000,000, to keep the miners at work during the winter until a new and comprehensive plan can be worked out. The personnel of the commission entrusted with this important and delicate task has now been announced. The chairman is Sir Herbert Samuel, and the other members Sir William Beveridge, General Sir Herbert Lawrence and Mr. Kenneth Lee. They will be advised by four technical experts. Of the men named, two are Liberals, and one a former member of a Liberal Cabinet, and all four are vigorous and competent. The makeup of the commission promises an intelligent, comprehensive survey of the entire coal industry, and the creation of a practicable plan for its reorganization.

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If the advance indications as to its character are correct, this plan, despite the fact that it is to be fathered by a Conservative government, will probably seem to Americans radical to the point of being "socialistic." Among its features are likely to be abolition of privately-owned royalties, compulsory amalgamation of small collieries into larger ones, and strict supervision of the closing down of old mines and the opening of new ones to prevent the hardships now suffered by the miners.

THE personnel of the commission has been criticized in the Labor press because it has no representative of Labor, nor any member who has himself "known poverty or stood as a comrade among wage-earners." These objections seem to us ill-founded. Since the plan evolved must be put into operation by a government composed chiefly of Conservatives and Liberals, it is an obviously wise provision that Conservatives and Liberals should have the framing of the scheme which can only be successful if it has their genuine and complete endorsement. The British coal industry is sick; but the cure which is to be effected must be made along engineering lines; and early poverty is not necessarily a guarantee that an individual possesses technical qualification. England is thoroughly aroused to the necessity for overhauling the whole machinery of the trade; and the character of the men named on the commission is a convincing indication that the government is determined to get to the root of the difficulty. Only by having had no representative on the commission will Labor be able to oppose the scheme effectively if such opposition proves in the end to be necessary.

COINCIDENT with the opening of the fall shopping season the Joint Board of Sanitary Control solicits the coöperation of women buyers of coats, suits and dresses, in the maintenance of wholesome manufacturing standards. For fifteen years this Board, representing organized manufacturers, workers and the public, and maintained by a trade agreement, has been inspecting and rating shops operating under that agreement. A label with the trade mark Prosanis, to be sewn on each garment, is now being issued to those shops which conform to the first and second class standards of the Board. This label makes a double appeal: it safeguards the health of the worker, and it protects the wearer against clothes made amidst dirty, insanitary and disease-breeding conditions. The old-fashioned sweat-shop which the Joint Board of Sanitary Control has eliminated was represented at the Prosanis Booth of the Fourth Annual Exposition of Women's Arts and Industries at the Hotel Commodore on September 26 by members of the Theatre Guild. Although three-fourths of the cloak, suit and dress factories in New York City are now permitted to use the label the menace of the sweat shop is not entirely obsolete. The industry is at present in an alarmingly unstable condition, and the small, ill-regulated contractors' shops seem to be regaining ascendancy. A concerted demand for the sanitary label on the part of consumers would assist in preventing further deterioration and in reinforcing painfully-won and now threatened standards.

MR. COOLIDGE was guilty of grave impropriety the other day when he issued what can only be described as a peremptory demand that the newspapers of the United States shall support the American policy in the coming negotiations over the French debt. What he asked was nothing less than a suspension of editorial judgment on the merits of America's proposals, and unqualified endorsement of them, for the sake of the "moral" effect on the French delegation. This is a new and undesirable form of the familiar "my country right or wrong"; and suggests a fear that the case our debt commissioners will make will not impress the public with its obvious fairness. The newspapers themselves are of course responsible for having spoiled Mr. Coolidge. Never before in peace time has any President commanded such an extraordinarily good press. What he now asks, however, is so presumptuous and so dangerous as a precedent looking toward making the press only a mouthpiece of the government that we cannot believe in this instance he will get his way.

LLOYD GEORGE a few days ago made a speech in which he launched the long-awaited campaign of the Liberal party for a new land policy, a campaign which has been fully two years in preparation. The main points in the plan have already been forecast in the New Republic, in the course of comment on the Liberal Summer School, in our issue of September 2. The purpose is to force all the idle land in England into use, so that the country shall not be dependent as it is at present on imports for two-thirds of the foodstuffs required by the population. Government supervision but not ownership is contemplated. The owner of land must either work it himself or surrender it to be worked by someone else, at a fixed annual rental determined and guaranteed by the state. The tenant is promised permanent occupancy for himself and his descendants, provided only that he is efficient in his operations. The scheme is advocated as the answer to idle manpower: "Put the unemployed on the vacant land," which is a dishonest argument in favor of an honest plan. Most of the unemployed are ignorant of agricultural methods; are without capital; and many had rather starve in cities than work in an isolation such as they have never experienced. However, this political claptrap does not invalidate the scheme itself, which is ingenious and admirably fitted to the English temperament and conditions. It deserves a better fate than to be the hobbyhorse on which Lloyd George rides back

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into power; and we hope it will survive him. If the Liberal party is now obliged to pin its hopes on such as he, then it is indeed bankrupt of leadership.

IT is gratifying to learn that the State Department is exploring the situation with respect to the Escadrille Lafayette, composed of American aviators who have enrolled under the Sultan of Morocco to fight with the French forces against Abd-el-Krim. It is not likely that these gentlemen can be reached by any process of law. The soldier of fortune does not fear the jurisdiction of consuls. The only possibility of action lies in direct representation to the French government, in regard to the impropriety of employing an American unit, or an appeal to the patriotism and good sense of the men concerned. They declare that they are actuated by the generous purpose of defending the peaceful subjects of the Sultan from the aggressive Riffi—a tale which may be communicated to the marines. In any case, over against this philanthropic purpose must be set the immense injury which these volunteers are certainly doing to the position of their country throughout the Moslem world. The tension between Moslem and Christian has increased dangerously during the last five years. The United States was one great power which was not involved in the clash of systems, one which might exercise a wholesome neutrality, and whose citizens might contribute to a solving of various problems. This possibility has been made more remote by this group of adventurers. News travels on wings throughout the East, and by this time Mussulman leaders from Fez to Calcutta are permitted to draw the conclusion that America is among their enemies.

PHI BETA KAPPA, the honor fraternity of scholars, decided the other day that it would not in the future establish new chapters in colleges which restrict liberty of thought and speech by such intolerant policies as forbidding the teaching of evolution. Now rises one J. Gresham Machen to protest, in a letter to the New York Times, that this action is itself a denial of the right of free speech since it seeks to prevent the free association (into colleges) of those who don't believe in evolution. All of which goes to prove that this is indeed, and despite everything, a Wonderful World.

What Should We Ask of Caillaux?

THE negotiations for the funding of the debt owed by France to the United States which are now under way in Washington will, we hope, result in a satisfactory agreement, but, if so, the negotiators will overcome extremely formidable obstacles. The most formidable obstacle is the grave discrepancy between the amount which the Americans believe France is able to pay and the amount which France is actually able to pay; and this obstacle is rendered more rather than less formidable by the necessary partial insincerity of the French attitude. The French negotiators cannot afford to confess how near to bankruptcy French national finance is. They fear that such a confession would precipitate a collapse. They cannot consequently take full advantage of their best bargaining point. They hope by accepting an impossible liability but by postponing the date of payment to obtain a breathing space during which some miracle may happen to pull them out.

But if the French themselves are unwilling to admit how near their government is to bankruptcy, we Americans will, when the negotiations begin, have no sufficient excuse for remaining blind to the facts. For an authoritative American publication has recently called attention to them. As the readers of the New Republic have reason to know, there is in Washington an Institute of Economics, headed by Mr. Harold G. Moulton, which, in addition to other activities, is investigating exhaustively the present financial condition of various European governments. Some years ago it published an examination of Germany's ability to pay which by a marshalling of evidence which has never been controverted proved that for the present Germany could pay nothing at all. Within the last week it has published under the title The French Debt Problem a similar examination of France's ability to pay, which indicates that France, like her defeated rival, will be for a long time impotent to pay not only her foreign but her domestic creditors.

Obviously the first essential of French ability to pay interest on a foreign debt is a French national budget in which receipts so far exceed expenditures that a surplus is created for transmission abroad. Since M. Caillaux became Minister of Finance and introduced some reforms which his predecessors did not dare to attempt, there has been a general impression, which the news reports from Paris suggested and confirmed, that the French budget is now practically balanced. Dr. Moulton declares that this impression is incorrect. Special accounts of one sort or another, covering chiefly reconstruction and pension expenses, have never been included in it. The actual deficit in 1924 was 16,500,000,000 francs (paper). In 1925 the deficit is likely to be 18,000,000,000. Such being the situation, any debt settlement which provided for payments in the near future would be a farce. All such payments could be financed only by further borrowings.

If these figures are authentic, it is not unfair to describe the financial position of the French government as desperate. The sum of 18,000,000,000 francs is about 40 percent of the current governmental expenditure of France; and in order to increase income or reduce expenses by this amount the French Cabinet will have to demand sacrifices

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of the French people which will place a severe strain on their loyalty to the Republic.

The most interesting and original chapters in Mr. Moulton's book deal with the expensive measures of reform and economy which the French government must inflict on the French people before it can balance its budget. He suggests that by means of a ruthless policy of deflation, which would be brought about by high interest rates and restriction of credit, a sufficient fraction of the floating debt might be retired and a sufficient saving in expenditures effected to reduce the deficit in 1926 to 12,000,000,000 francs. That, he thinks, would be the limit of any process of deflation which the French people could be expected to endure. Next in order would be a permanent increase of taxes and reduction of expenses. Contrary to popular impression, France now pays very heavy taxes. The government appropriated in 1924 about 20 percent of the national income. Americans complain about the heavy burden of their taxes, but the federal, state and municipal governments combined take only 11.5 percent of the national income, and this is less than the French paid in 1913. The British people give up 18.5 percent. He does not believe that much additional income can be derived from taxation. The best that he hopes for is that heavier general levies, especially on the peasants, might yield about 2,000,000,000 francs more than at present, while a special surtax on large corporate and individual incomes might bring an additional 1,500,000,000. It must be remembered that these sums must be paid by a volume of business which is no longer stimulated by inflation.

Expenses are summarized by Dr. Moulton as follows:

	In Billions of francs
Interest on the public debt	16.5
Pensions	3.6
Military	7.6
Civil expenses	9.8
Physical Reconstruction	8.0
	45.5

From this it will be seen that the wiping out of the entire military establishment would not balance the budget. France might conceivably reduce its cost by 20 percent, thus saving 1,500,000,000. The squeezing of other items—carefully examined by Dr. Moulton—might yield another half billion, making altogether a 2,000,000,000 saving in expenses.

It is clear from this analysis that the largest item of all, interest on the internal debt, must be pared down if the budget is to be balanced. The Socialist proposal for a capital levy Dr. Moulton rejects for the reason that a tax on capital large enough to meet the deficit could not be collected. It would result inevitably in governmental seizure of productive property. What he proposes is a forced refunding of the national debt on the basis of 2 percent interest in place of the higher rates now paid. This confiscation of interest would just about yield the 6,500,000,000 francs necessary to meet the remaining deficit. Only then could France begin to scratch about for the wherewithal to pay her foreign creditors.

If Mr. Moulton's audit of the finances of the French government is correct, the French Commission could put up an irresistible argument in favor of a prolonged moratorium; and no doubt they will do their best to delay the date when considerable payments start. But they will not dare to insist on the strength or, if you prefer, the weakness of their position. If they confessed to the desperate conditions of their finances, they would scare the French people, encourage the export of capital from France and accelerate their own retirement from office. They will prefer, consequently, to promise the payment of annuities which in their opinion may be impossibly burdensome, provided that by so doing they can obtain a moratorium for a few years and provided they can in this way remove the obstacles to the early issue of a large loan in the American market. They are hoping that if they borrow enough gold in this country to clear a couple of years without undertaking the drastic reforms and economies which Mr. Moulton declares to be necessary, they may then be able with the help of reparations from Germany to dispense entirely with these reforms and their ominous political and social consequences.

Should any agreement to fund the French debt to the United States be reached during the Washington negotiations, it will, we believe, necessarily assume the form which we have just suggested. But in the interest both of the French and the American people we trust that the two commissions will not succeed in reaching an agreement along the indicated lines. The only conceivable change for the better in the financial position of France which might possibly render the arrangement successful would have to be derived from large and early reparation payments by Germany, and there are no indications as yet that France will derive the needed sums from this source. German trade has not created and cannot for a long time create a surplus of exports. The almost inevitable result of an agreement whereby France promised to pay considerable annuities in return for a short moratorium and the prospect of a loan would be merely the postponement of the day when France must admit that she cannot meet her financial obligations, and, if the collapse and consequently the reforms are postponed, they will be the more costly when they come. The American people would collect little or nothing from the promises to pay which France would reluctantly issue, while the French nation would be encouraged to pursue for another year or two a policy of evading its inexorable responsibilities. A frank disagreement, though irritating and costly, would be preferable to a false agreement of this kind.

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Mr. Moulton's audit is, we observe, being denounced as pro-French propaganda. There is nothing to the accusation. If one were seeking for interested motives, it would be more plausible to denounce it as an attack on the value of the franc and the credit of the French government. As a matter of fact the Institute of Economics is an organization which is trying in good faith to apply disinterested and trustworthy scientific research to controversial problems, and its only motive in undertaking its examination of the financial position of European countries is that of discovering and publishing the actual facts. But the actual facts of the French financial situation are profoundly disturbing. If they are correct, the French government must either inflict drastic economies on its own people, and repudiate in part its obligations to them or else permit the franc to collapse and impose terrible losses on all holders of French securities. Any alternative which the French politicians may adopt will jeopardize political and social order as it now exists in France.

No French government which proposed reforms as drastic as those outlined by Mr. Moulton could survive the wrath of the French peasantry and bourgeoisie. Their state of mind is such that they will submit to the necessary punishment only under compulsion. Compulsion will not begin to work effectively until a further decline in the value of the franc presents vividly and imperatively to their minds the inevitable consequences of a refusal to face the facts. Even then it may take a semi-Fascist government, representing French finance and deriving its authority from the suspension of Parliamentary institutions, to force the small French property-owner to swallow the necessary sacrifices. In any event the Republic in France is approaching the most dangerous crisis in its career. It has earned the confidence of the French people chiefly because it has guaranteed stability to the economic status of the rentier and the peasant, and now it will be obliged to seize a large percentage of the property of these classes. It will have to break its promises to its faithful and indispensable supporters. It will, we hope and believe, survive the infidelity and the stress, but whether it does or does not survive, France will emerge from the ordeal with a profoundly altered national physiognomy.

The Wastefulness of Advertising

THE New Republic has received many protests against Mr. Stuart Chase's analysis of the art of advertising in his series on economic waste. He has been variously called a Puritan, a bigot, a misguided economist, a detractor of progress, and has come perilously close to being accused of blasphemy. All of which was to be expected, although we must confess surprise that his remarks were not treated by the Great Profession as beneath contempt, and unworthy the time spent in refuting them. Whatever a wandering economist like Mr. Chase, or even a dreadnaught like Mr. Veblen, may say about advertising is after all something in the nature of spitting at Gibraltar. The price system being what it is, and competitive salesmanship being what it is, advertising takes its place in the general structure as inevitably and as solidly as mortar in a stone wall.

As a legitimate and impregnable attribute of modern business, advertising may be subjected to critical review—as the coal industry is subjected to a critical review—on the score of its technical efficiency. If A's advertising creates one dollar of new sales at an expense of ten cents, while B's copy—in the same field—costs thirty cents per dollar, it follows that B is wasting space. Printers' Ink, that invaluable journal of the trade, carries many examples of loss, leakage and friction due to failures on the part of advertisers to take advantage of the approved findings in the technical art. National Advertising, in its issue for January, 1925, says: "One-tenth of all advertising published has been used efficiently for the advertiser; the rest is partial loss. That was the consensus of a group of practical advertising men, discussing the speech of President Sumner of the A. N. A. The race for space has been like a race for armaments."

This angle of criticism is not, however, what excites our correspondents. Most of them are doubtless prepared to admit that there are deplorable wastes in the methodology by which sales resistance is pulverized. What irritates them is Mr. Chase's more fundamental doubt as to the social utility of all competitive advertising—whatever its technical efficiency in snaring consumers. Unfortunately space did not permit us to print an earlier chapter in Mr. Chase's book where he is at some pains to erect a bench mark for the attempted measuring of the utility of human work. He finds such a bench mark in R. A. Tawney's conception of a functional society. In his Sickness of An Acquisitive Society, Tawney compares the present economic structure with one deliberately designed to satisfy human wants, and where the labor of every worker contributes directly towards such satisfaction. This Tawney christens a functional society. Although not unknown in human affairs, functionalism is of course to a certain degree Utopian. The industrial performance of the several nations during the War showed that functional control over very wide areas is not beyond the limits of human administrative capacity; business men like Messrs. Ford, Filene and Campbell are obviously headed in the direction of functionalism. Thus we doubt if the bench mark is senselessly and wildly Utopian. Functionalism is a goal which mankind may some day achieve.

Granting a certain modicum of common sense in the standard, it follows that competitive advertising judged in its light, may be a very different

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phenomenon than when considered in the framework of business as usual. Its utility takes on a more dubious aspect. Advertising in the sense of news value—information as to new or improved products, processes, inventions; advertising in the sense of public education in health, safety, betterment campaigns, if disinterestedly conducted—is of the highest value, and would find a permanent place in a functional control. Some competitive advertising undoubtedly fulfills such a service now. But the bulk of the traffic—including the "goodwill" advertising of great monopolies—is in a different category altogether, and we doubt if Mr. Chase is in error when he estimates that it constitutes 90 percent of all advertising.

These outlays add to the overhead cost of doing business. Thus they make the product, in the aggregate, cost just that much more. A functional society concerned with marketing standardized and tested products would have no need for any such burden at all. The consumer would buy his soap, gasoline, tobacco, canned goods, textiles according to standard specification approved and tested by disinterested scientific authority. He would be under no pressure to buy things for which he had no use; he would not be bullied, or threatened, or flattered, or frightened. The latest findings in the psychology of artificial stimulation would not be unlimbered against him—animated by the single goal of diverting his purchasing power to the enrichment of a given corporation. When he needed an article he would go and get it, knowing exactly its quality and durability. What would not millions of housewives give for such knowledge today? The United States Government does not buy its material because it sees a pretty girl on the back of a magazine, but because the Bureau of Standards has tested the available products and recommended the most dependable. To secure such judgment through private advertising is unthinkable. With twenty makes of the same product in the field, is a single maker going to admit the superiority of any other? Death rather.

So the consumer, guided by advertising, has a free choice among twenty brands, all equally "the best." And still more confusing, if the least meritorious of the twenty has the largest budget for advertising, the consumer has more than an even chance of getting the worst, rather than the best. Even without a shadow of dishonesty, without a quack nostrum, or a correspondence school, or a double-your-money-in-a-month, in the picture at all, it is a blind game; fascinating and romantic if you please with its millions to be made from a happy slogan, but untouched with any science or utility in satisfying human wants. A wiser social order would not tolerate such frantic egotism—even as the professions do not tolerate advertising today. To determine technical merit on the basis of who can shout loudest and longest is a neanderthalic survival which civilized society will some day outgrow.

Reclamation and the Pork Barrel

FOR months, close students of public affairs have known, a storm has been gathering over the head of Secretary Work and the Reclamation Commission. At irregular intervals dispatches from Washington have spread rumors that Secretary Work was about to resign, that the Western Senators and Representatives meant to force his resignation, that President Coolidge was contemplating his replacement by a man more satisfactory to the West. And now in the hearings before the Public Lands Committee all manner of witnesses are airing their grievances against the Reclamation policy, with the obvious sympathy of the Committee. The New York press gives full publicity to the hearings, as it might properly be expected to do, but refrains from editorial comment which might throw any light on the issues involved. Thus the impression is created that we have here an instance of maladministration almost comparable to the Ballinger case for stupidity, although not complicated apparently by corruption.

Yet the facts and principles involved are simple and intelligible, and an examination of them will convince any fair-minded citizen that the principal charge that can be brought against Secretary Work in this case is that he places the public interest above the interest of the Republican party in the arid states. Where will you find a 100 percent American who would not gladly be credited with "making the desert blossom like the rose?" But roses thus grown may come high, and there is a point of expense beyond which a responsible public servant will not care to go. Secretary Work is opposed to reclamation projects which fail to show a fair prospect of paying for themselves, even under the very loose and liberal terms of the Act of 1902.

Under the Act as now applied the costs of each project must be assessed upon the land benefited. Payment is by annual instalments of 5 percent of the gross crop income. No interest is charged against deferred payments, although the time for repayment of the principal, originally fixed at twenty years, may now extend to fifty, seventy-five or a hundred years. Irrigation agriculture, under this plan, is obviously subsidized agriculture. There is no state in the union in which agriculture could not be immensely improved if the government would supply interest-free money to be repaid in small instalments running over twenty years or more. This point is not at issue in the present controversy, but it ought to be. Government loans without interest are subsidies. Why should the government subsidize one body of farmers to compete with the unsubsidized mass? Does anyone consider the profits of present-day farming so unconscionable that they ought to be fought with subsidies? The Middle Western farmers are asking this question and are insisting on an answer. As for the notion

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that the irrigated lands are non-competitive because they produce only for the local market, it is a pure delusion. Over 50 percent of the reclaimed lands is in hay and forage, raising livestock for the general market; over 30 percent is in cereals, also reaching the general market.

This uneconomic factor of subsidy may be disregarded here except for certain natural consequences that help to explain the present clamor against the Department. Since the beneficiary pays no interest, he seeks to postpone instalments on the principal to the latest practicable time. He regards the Government as the residual claimant upon his available resources. If he has bought his land under mortgage from a private speculator—and contrary to the popular impression, half the land to which the government brings water is in private hands—the interest and principal on the mortgage stand as preference charges. If he has had to borrow money for leveling his land and putting in irrigation ditches another charge is shoved ahead of the government's claim. Private creditors are inexorable, but the government may be forced by concerted insistence and political pressure to postpone its claims to a later and then still later day. Every attempt on the part of the Department to collect is bitterly resented not only by the settlers, but by their private creditors whose security is improved if the government consents to hold the sack. There are projects to which water has been supplied for ten years from which the government has recovered no part of its construction expenses.

Yet it is not to be supposed that these subsidized settlers prosper immoderately even when they obtain remission of construction charges. On many projects it is difficult to get settlers and more difficult to keep them. The cost of the land, including the speculative price paid for it in the first instance, the construction of irrigation works and leveling and improving is so heavy that the normal production will not carry it. To develop such projects at all is sheer waste of public money. An intelligent reclamation policy will manifestly make a preliminary economic survey and dismiss from consideration any project which does not offer reasonable promise of making ends meet. This is the essence of Secretary Work's policy. We know of at least one of his predecessors in the Department who accepted it in principle, but Mr. Work is the first Secretary who has exhibited the courage to attempt to put it into effect.

If a reclamation project is to pay for itself in a reasonable time, it must be settled as soon as practicable after the water has been made available. The settlers must be selected for their ability to meet the peculiar conditions of the locality and they must be able to secure loans at reasonable rates of interest on the large sums of money necessary for improving their holdings. The case clearly demands state and federal coöperation. The federal government may properly do the work of bringing the water to the land, but the provision of funds for improvement and the selection of settlers ought to be a state function. Secretary Work appears to be leaning toward this policy of state and federal coöperation. It has received scant support in the arid land states where it is denounced as "paternalism." It is apparently not paternalistic for the federal government to spend $150 an acre bringing water to the land, but it is paternalistic for the state to spend $100 making the land fit to receive the water. The distinction is too subtle for our understanding.

Stripped to its essentials, the issue between the Secretary of the Interior and his western critics is the issue between a sound reclamation policy and a policy of waste. It is not an issue that could arise at all in a well-governed country. With us, however, exploiting the federal government for the benefit of the localities is familiar practice.

We improve harbors from which no craft sails; we dredge rivers navigable in name only; we build spacious post office buildings in towns with scant mail, and we do these things not because we do not know better, but because every locality expects its share of pork. Our reclamation policy, originally designed to serve a purely public end, has evolved toward the pork barrel. Many of the Senators and Representatives from the arid states are expected by their constituents to see that as much federal money as possible is spent in the state. That it is spent wastefully is, to their mind, strictly irrelevant. It makes work for construction gangs, business for the local merchants, real estate booms and other good things, whether the reclaimed lands ever produce a bushel of wheat or even a rose.

There are tens of thousands of acres that could be reclaimed on an economically sound basis if the federal and state governments would adopt a policy of coöperation, treating the interests of the settlers as paramount and excluding all speculative and political interest. Additional large tracts will become fit for development at some later time when the increased demand for food will yield prices justifying heavy development expenses. The arid states will need federal aid in reclamation for many decades. They cannot afford to set the country against them by identifying reclamation with the pork barrel.

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A Parliament of Parliaments

IT IS unfortunate that the coming meeting of the Interparliamentary Union at Washington should have become, in the American press, only an incidental aspect of the banning of Mr. Saklatvala by our State Department. This particular gathering deserves attention on its own account which it now seems unlikely to get.

The War, as everyone knows, has given rise to a large number of international organizations striving toward world peace and understanding. These work along various lines and seek to accomplish their ends in multifarious ways. The Interparliamentary Union is almost unique among organizations with these aims, in that it long antedates the great conflict of 1914-18. An association of groups of parliamentarians from nearly thirty countries, it has been for a third of a century experimenting with gatherings out of which may evolve a veritable Parliament of Parliaments. Its meetings bring together representative parliamentarians from all over the world, who can become acquainted at first hand with the viewpoints of other countries, and share with one another ideas and experiences in regard to the problems which are common to all.

So organized, the interparliamentary conferences have a natural and immense advantage over any other gatherings organized for purposes of world conciliation. They are made up of men and women who constitute a part—and at times quite an important part—of the actual machinery of government in modern states. Since the end of the War there has been a marked growth of parliamentary government all over the world, in spite of the setbacks offered to it by communism and fascism. Everything points to a further growth of parliamentarism. And with it there is every prospect of a similar growth in importance and influence of the gradually evolving Parliament of Parliaments.

The Interparliamentary Union has, in one sense, a distinct advantage over the League of Nations: it is more representative. Not only is Germany a member of it, but at each conference there is always a strong representation from both the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States. One of its conferences—that of 1904—was held in St. Louis. Its current conference will be the forthcoming one in Washington.

The invitation to the Union to hold its next conference on this side of the Atlantic, presented on behalf of the government of the United States, was officially ratified by the twenty-second interparliamentary conference held in Berne last year. The Congress of the United States has appropriated $50,000 for the purpose, and on October 1 members of nearly thirty parliaments from various parts of the world will assemble in Washington for the twenty-third interparliamentary conference.

The Interparliamentary Union has had an interesting, if not a particularly spectacular, history. In the eighties of the past century a group of members of the British Parliament, headed by Mr. William Randal Cremer, were promoting a movement in favor of an arbitration treaty between Great Britian and the United States. At the advice of his American friends, among whom Mr. Carnegie was particularly prominent, Mr. Cremer prepared a memorial dealing with the subject of the treaty and addressed to the President and Congress of the United States. Signed by 232 members of the British Parliament, this memorial was presented to President Cleveland in 1887, and though it did not bring the desired results in the form of an arbitration treaty, it was responsible for another important development. A group of French Deputies, led by M. Frederic Passy, were working in France along the same lines as Mr. Cremer's group in Great Britain, and through the efforts of Mr. Cremer and M. Passy a group of British and French parliamentarians met in Paris in 1888 for the purpose of discussing the question of arbitration treaties among Great Britain, France, and the United States.

At the Paris meeting it was decided to extend efforts in this direction still further by means of periodic conferences of parliamentarians of various countries. The very next year a conference of this kind was held in Paris. It was attended by delegates from nine parliaments. In this manner the precedent was established for the convocation of what became known as "Interparliamentary Conferences of International Arbitration." Ten years later out of these conferences evolved the Interparlimentary Union.

All through the period preceding the World War the principal purposes of the interparliamentary conferences consisted in the promotion of international arbitration and the creation of a permanent arbitration tribunal. A draft convention of such a tribunal was prepared by the fifth conference, held in Brussels in 1895, and during the next three years, through a curious incident of history, the idea embodied in this draft was suddenly brought most forcibly to the attention of the world.

In 1896 an interparliamentary conference was held in Budapest. One of the visitors present at its sessions was the Russian Consul-General, who became greatly interested in the work of the conference and made an extensive report about it to his government. On the strength of this report he was called to St. Petersburg, where the idea of a world conference for the limitation of armament was already discussed in the high governmental circles. The work of the interparliamentary conferences appealed to the Russian statesmen as a background for the ideas that were in their minds. There is a

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direct connection between the report sent to St. Petersburg in 1896 by the Russian Consul-General in Budapest and the famous Muraviev manifesto of 1898, suggesting the first Hague Conference.

The materials gathered and elaborated by the various interparliamentary conferences were used to the fullest extent by the Hague Conference. Of special importance was the draft convention of 1895, the main lines of which were followed exactly in the Hague Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes.

In the meantime an organization was perfected for the regular convocation of interparliamentary conferences, and a permanent bureau was established in Berne. National groups were formed in the parliaments of various countries, and representatives of these groups constituted a sort of governing body. Later on a small executive committee, consisting of five members, was created and charged with the conduct of the affairs of the Union. Parliaments participating in the Union began to appropriate subventions for its expenses, and quite an elaborate organization became possible in the form of a secretariat.

Members of the American Congress have participated in various conferences from the very start, but it was not until 1904 that an American Group of the Interparliamentary Union came into existence. The first step of the group was to arrange for that year's conference to be held in the United States.

One of the actions of the conference in St. Louis was to ask President Roosevelt to convoke the second Hague Conference. Roosevelt readily agreed, though for reasons of diplomatic etiquette the actual convocation of the Hague Conference came from Russia.

From 1913 until 1921 no interparliamentary conferences were held. But since the War four conferences have taken place. These recent conferences have demonstrated how far the War has shifted both interest and emphasis in the work of the Interparliamentary Union.

International conciliation has remained the dominant note of interparliamentary effort. But instead of dealing with the problems of arbitration alone, the interparliamentary conferences now centre their attention on quite a different set of problems. Economic questions have forged to the very forefront of discussion, followed very closely by such problems as parliamentary control of foreign policies and national minorities.

At the conference held in Copenhagen last year a whole session was devoted to a discussion of international economic questions. It took the form of a debate on the reparations and the inter-Allied debts. American Congressmen, taking part in this debate, found themselves at opposite poles from their European colleagues on the question of whether or not these two sets of obligations are on the same plane. French and German deputies disagreed most violently on the question of reparations. But in the end the discussion resolved itself into a resolution, calling for an impartial examination of the whole reparation question by a committee of experts—precisely the action taken by the Reparation Commission several months later.

There is one rather important defect in the present organization of the interparliamentary conferences. The parliamentary groups represented there devote a great deal of effort to attempts at coming to some meeting of minds on outstanding world problems, but they seldom follow up the results of these efforts in their own parliaments. There is a growing sentiment within the Interparliamentary Union, sponsored particularly by a group of French parliamentarians, to make it incumbent upon those who take part in the interparliamentary conferences to bring the results of each conference to bear upon the work of their respective parliaments through appropriate bills, resolutions, and speeches. The sentiment is of rather recent origin, but if it should gain sufficient ground, it would undoubtedly prove very effective in coördinating the policies of various parliaments on outstanding world problems and would be a long step forward in the evolution of an effective Parliament of Parliaments.

LEO PASVOLSKY.

Protest

To set that soaring joy
Lone in high air,
What heavens were robbed of delight
By their Emperor!

He casts the angelic lights
Into the clay
Where immortality
Lasts but a day.
In the field of time
The King has his play.

He steals from his treasures
The starry and pure
To light a passion
Which may not endure.

The astral lights
In earth grow dim,
And fade in the darkness
Denying Him:
They die in the darkness,
Lost seraphim!

He would not know
That He was the god
Were His hands not holding
Sceptre or rod.

Æ.

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Robert Frost

A Good Greek out of New England

ROBERT FROST'S spirit is native to all high, sweet-smelling, lonely slopes which command, as from a remove, the homes and the graves of men. Of such places he has seemed to me, ever since I first read A Boy's Will, the genius loci. If I watched long enough he might put off his trick of invisibility and show his head above a blueberry bush or a boulder. No doubt I have searched for him most persistently in the pastures below the ledgy shoulder of Chocorua, but I once thought I spied him in a sunburned cliff city of New Mexico, and his elusive figure is associated with the high glare of Delphi, and with those jagged little peaks of southern France whence the scent of herbs rises like incense. Those who mistake his verse for a product local or provincial have been too literal. They have failed to catch the poet in his game of hide-and-seek. Frost does hide, if he can, in verse or out. The language of his poetry, though so markedly that of New England speech, is symbolic; his subject matter, for all its clear geographical limits, is universal. Through the realism of the lines, stars and "charted meteors" are always piercing. Like his friend the Star-Splitter, Frost seems once for all to have burned down his house for the insurance, and spent the proceeds on a telescope,

> To satisfy a life-long curiosity
> About our place among the infinities.

He has been interrogating the heavens ever since. That may be the reason why he is still, as he puts it in New Hampshire—the most openly autobiographical of his poems—"a rascal," instead of the learned doctor or the celebrated bard he might be if he chose.

A kind of professor he has had to be in spite of himself, since most good Greeks—Frost almost admits himself one in New Hampshire, as well as a plain farmer—from Socrates on have needed to add youth to their star-gazing. Frost affirms that he has "Never earned a cent, save from and through verse. But for my first twenty years at it I earned a total of two hundred dollars." Farming and teaching, those two subsidiary occupations with which he has had almost as lifelong a connection as with the infinities, grew somehow out of his poems, as poems so surely grew out of them. In the early days it was more farming than teaching. Latterly it has been the other way about. Frost is too suspicious of formal learning to have become a pedagogue easily. It was not, so he tells, until he found the storekeeper at Derry, New Hampshire—where by the grace of a grandfather with no faith in the Muses he had that first farm of his—appraising his horse for the grocery bill that he decided to apply (with a poem) at Pinkerton Academy. He would prove to the world of men that he could have as much practical success as he wanted. But there was more for Frost in teaching than a solution of household economics, or we should not find him still trailing, in the Amherst hills or the Michigan flats, his troop of college boys.

Even when he consents to sit on a platform he has a vanishing and peripatetic look and the doctrine he enunciates in his dry, sly, halting way is very different from the glib æstheticism his students might expect of a poet. Perfectionist and polisher of words though he is, he proclaims words to be "less than nothing unless they amount to deeds, as in ultimatums and battle cries." In poetry, as in life, there is no worth in being unless it is allied to doing. And what kind of professor is this who gives you no synthetic appreciations, and forces you to speculate? The day I saw him on an Amherst platform he was steering his class towards the reading of Emerson by asking it to define an "idealist." Is he a man who measures up from nothing, or one who measures down from everything? Might he be, especially if an artist, somewhere between the two? "I believe in what the Greeks called synecdoche: the philosophy of the part of the whole; skirting the hem of the goddess. All that an artist needs is samples. Enough success to know what money is like; enough love to know what women are like." Enough time, he might have added, for creative puttering; enough thin books of verse to fill half a foot of shelf. Frost is always bedeviling his students with questions, but never with one—this is his cardinal principle as an educator—which he can answer himself. For example this poser: How many things can you do to a poem besides read it or write it? The class found one hundred and eight. Compare the passage in A Fountain:

> How had the tender verse escaped their outrage?
> By being invisible for what it was,
> Or else by some remoteness that defied them
> To find out what to do to hurt a poem.

One of the outstanding facts about Robert Frost is that he and his verse were buried for twenty years in the rocky quietude of New Hampshire. It is not so sure that even in 1925 college students—or for that matter college teachers, publishers, editors, critics and friendly readers—know what to make of the cast of mind and spirit of a good Greek disguised as a tinkering Yankee sage.

The cast of feature bears out the cast of mind.

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If I could choose a sculptor from the antique world to mold Frost's head, I should vote for Skopas, who added shadows of human passion to calm Greek faces. In certain moods, this Frost face with its musing eyes, so deeply hollowed and shaded by sharp-drawn brows, seems touched by that pathetic hand. But again the poet's dream grows unified, grave, mystical-religious, and one says, here are a brow and eyes like Dante's. At the dinner in honor of Frost's fiftieth birthday last March, he wore at first this marble Dantesque mask; colored really like Carrara marble, with mauve and golden shadows, and shining with a clear Renaissance beauty of the Christian sort. Frost should have wrapped himself in a white Dominican gown to celebrate his half century. For he carried almost visibly the consecration and weight of his ascetic priesthood.

Yet it took only a featherweight of affection—all that the friends dared offer, since they had come, for the most part, with the hands that bore gifts tied behind their backs—to make tenderness flicker like flame over the still features, and shape itself in facial line; only a quip of New England humor to bring a gentle cynic out of hiding. Or shall I say a rustic deity? Eyebrows arch roundly, cheeks draw into shrewd, satiric wrinkles, eyes turn to flashes and darts of blue light, malicious or rejoicing, and as an unruly lock is tossed, one hears the stamp of a hoof—

> Pan came out of the woods one day.
> His skin and his hair and his eyes were grey . . .

Frost's skin and his rebellious hair have now a fine harmony of tone, "the grey of the moss of walls," a young and living greyness that, like a delicate lichen, softens without hiding the hard and eternal shape of the rock beneath.

> —a new-world song, far out of reach.

that is what the rascally Pan of the haunting Yankee pipe came out of the woods to play. Poetry has not flowed in a swelling stream from the pipe of Robert Frost; it has been distilled within him preciously, like heart's blood, drop by drop. The verse reveals a keen warfare between the Puritan who thought shame of revelation, and the artist who had to speak out, a battle never wholly won or lost, yet probably serving him well. For the inhibitions and reticences of the Dantesque or Puritan Frost have imposed on the sensuous singing Frost that austere and elegant poetical outline of his. It is not as enigmatic as it seems to some of the young intellectuals that he should have preferred frugality to luxury in many realms of culture, knowledge, and experience. His anti-æsthetic prejudices, for instance, are essential to him. He does not want superlatives. A rather bare world suits him. His doubt of the trappings and self-indulgences of the artist, which has in it more of judgment than he usually allows himself (think how little there is in his New England narratives), is a sort of armor to preserve his poetry intact. He will not talk of art in his poetry except in symbolic terms, as in The Axe-Helve, where he endows a French workman with desires and aims he can scarcely admit. And how deliberately he makes his artistic ego the butt of his malice:

> I'm what is called a sensibilitist,
> Or otherwise an environmentalist,
> In other words, I know wherever I am,
> Being the creature of literature I am,
> I shall not lack for pains to keep me awake.

("Not so you'd notice it," appends a Frostian note in pencil, "but still too much so for self-approval." *Self-approval*—there the Puritan shows his spots. The sensibility is, however, allowed.)

The satiric wrinkle that lifts the corner of his lips tells the whole story. In the heart of his starkest tragedy we find the old New England effort to compromise ideals and facts, escaping either in shy tenderness and beauty or in a whimsical humor that often verges on irony. Consider for tenderness An Old Man's Winter Night—one of Frost's ultimates in the union of form and substance; for humor A Hundred Collars, and you will see that what looks like fancy is no more nor less than a fact. Yes, there is something strong and steady in Frost's spirit which takes account of his compromises and holds the twisted strands of his life together for one central purpose. The claim one makes for him of first-rateness—he will make few claims for himself—rests in part on his sureness and continuity of poetic development. In life he has turned from one task to another, but in verse he has stuck with piety to the clarification of his own tone of voice, his own form and matter. If he is "Greek" it is not that he is truly pagan, but only that he has known how to choose from the world exactly what he needed for himself and his song—for himself as a singer.

One of the things he needed and found was a normal human destiny. Born in San Francisco; brought up from the age of ten by a mother and a grandfather in Lawrence, Massachusetts; looking in—no more—at Dartmouth College, he married young a very true New England girl—a marriage preserved like treasure through the years—retired to his rustic isolation of farming and teaching and had in time four children, now launched in their own life paths. In all these level solitary seasons Frost was writing poetry with solid faith in his mission, though editors seemed to make little of it. When he stole away with his family on his crucial voyage to England in 1912, at the age of thirty-eight, the world where reputations are made was none the wiser, and he himself was far from conceiving that triumphant return two years later after the English publication of A Boy's Will, and North of Boston. Yet here were the editors drawn up on the dock,

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hailing him as a leader of his generation in the "New Poetry"; here were rewards and successes which made farming somewhat vicarious and gave teaching a privileged academic form; here was leisure to produce Mountain Interval and New Hampshire. These books reveal that neither the "New Poetry" nor the new opportunity have taken Frost farther from his native base than the stride to Michigan. You can find just one English poem—if you look hard: The Sound of Trees. Frost recognized early that, like his Census-Taker, he wanted life to go on living; but he has sought it where he stood.

The life he found, as revealed in his books, has a pattern, a color, above all a sound that must vanish like mist in the prose telling. Its background is a landscape, pearly in tone, lonely to those who do not recognize its friendliness; northern New England, broken in outline, with views but not giant views, mountains but not too high ones, pastures, swamps, farms deserted and farms occupied. This land, to the spare human figures who move across it, is an extension and explanation of themselves, as the Irish country to the fairy folk. And these New Englanders are somehow "folk" in addition to being real people and even local "characters." They are planted here by necessity, their roots are tangled in the roots of elm and cedar, their wisdom is all garnered from natural things. Those who find Frost's poetry sad and grey probably cannot bear the sheer clarity he gives to human lives in this thin northern atmosphere of his, shut in by a moral and physical solitude, yet escaping through their barriers to grapple together in situations of love and hate and suffering typical and inevitable of New England but also of "the world in general."

The landscape background is already sharply etched in A Boy's Will, that slender lyrical volume that gives off, through its changing subjective moods, a delicate aroma of young happiness, all mingled with the sensuous love of earth. The exile of Derry Farm, his shadowy reliant bride beside him, meets the seasons and their tasks alone, with no soul to interfere. Though one notes a few uncertainties which the older Frost has left behind, here, already at his height, is the visual Frost, Frost the "gloater"—"poetry is gloating"—who has the power to look so hard at things that they come to life—as in The Vantage Point:

> My breathing shakes the bluet like a breeze,
> I smell the earth, I smell the bruiséd plant,
> I look into the crater of the ant.

And here is Frost of the "concrete vocal image," already finding his own tones of speech—as in Mowing, the first "talk song" he was aware of, or in My November Guest. And Frost the artificer of tight and subtle verse form—Storm Fear has never been surpassed.

The book tells how a youth "was scared away from life and came back to it through a poem." The youth was "consumed with stars at fifteen, with flowers at twenty," as he tells elsewhere, "matter of history," and the poem was The Tuft of Flowers:

> A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared—

—the scythe of an unknown reaper who thus restored Frost to his comradeship in the gregarious universe. On such fragilities do the lives of poets hang in literal fact. "Got me my first real job. Whole family owe their life to this poem and they'd better believe it."

Mending Wall, the first poem in North of Boston, takes up the psychological theme where A Tuft of Flowers laid it down.

> Something there is that doesn't love a wall

Here is an older and more objective Frost, who has squarely accepted his human fate and seen himself for only a half-rustic, questioning, as he works on his side of the gaps, the true farmer's aphorism: "good fences make good neighbors."

> My apple trees will never get across
> And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.

A characteristic accent, which would be recognisable at the Antipodes as Robert Frost. And how profoundly imagined the neighbor, symbol of a whole country race:

> Bringing a stone grasped firmly at the top
> In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed
> He moves in darkness, as it seems to me,
> Not of woods only and the shade of trees.

And so a conversation between two men about stone walls is really concerned with the life force, always building and breaking down, and serves as introduction to a book of searching human revelation.

The New England narratives in North of Boston established Frost's poetic majority. They were too fresh, mordant, unsentimental, to be read without a shock of recognition. Frost illumines character not by comment or explanation but through crisis. He is a dramatist rather than a story teller. "Drama is all; a poem must create situation as much as a play"—and he lives up to it, even in a lyric of a butterfly. The diverse crises in marital relations summarized in Home Burial, The Death of the Hired Man, The House-Keeper, A Servant to Servants, might be dealt with at the pace of Jude the Obscure. Frost epitomizes them, without sacrificing that flavor of talk which helps to give the poems their air of pastoral leisure. He has transformed blank verse into a fluid instrument of his own idiomatic speech, pungent and taciturn, a speech sharpened and mellowed with a humor that strikes always through its mark of literal fact. In these and the similar narratives of people in later volumes the verse is an element of the originality in-

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herent in spirit and structure alike. Another is Frost's oblique method of dealing with grim realism. However unescapable the horror—recall, for instance, the superb passage of A Servant to Servants, where the woman who is losing her own hold on reality tells how for her mother as a bride "love things" were involved with the madness of her husband's brother, in his cage in an upper room—a tenderness as generic as sunshine, and as uncritical, seems to play about the bitter truths. In the same way the homespun background, the bucolic detail, is transformed and sublimated by a kind of abstract beauty and detachment, like the abstract quality of Frost's sculptured head as rendered in Du Chêne's fine bust, reproduced in the books. If Virgil had been a plain dirt farmer he could hardly have written the Eclogues. So with Frost and his dramatic pastorals at Derry, Franconia, and South Shaftesbury, Vermont.

The analogy with Virgil was made by Frost himself. In my copy of the Selected Poems—a volume which should be more familiar to the public—he writes: "Black Cottage, The House-Keeper, The Death of the Hired Man,* date from 1905" (his thirtieth year); "Virgil's Eclogues may have had something to do with them." And again, in the section containing Mending Wall, The Mountain, and other definitely pastoral poems: "First heard the voice from a printed page in a Virgilian Eclogue and Hamlet. Influenced by what I have supposed Piers Plowman to be. Never read it." To ladies who claim that they are "interested in the 'new poetry' but cannot understand it"—"That gives me a feeling in my arm, just in my arm!" Frost is likely to explain—that Barnyard Verse goes back at least to the first poem in The Oxford Book of English verse. He also enjoys the story of the agricultural college which pronounced Good Bye and Keep Cold—a poem of an orchard—"pomologically accurate," while offering to amend the verse. His irony would spurn any overestimation of "influences." Yet consider the opening of The Mountain:

> The mountain held the town as in a shadow,
> I saw as much before I slept there once.

Here is a spacious mood established in two lines, a love relation predicated between a man and a mountain; and as the rhythmic pattern unfolds, the reader is transplanted into a realm of brooding tranquillity. The poem was written "with one stroke of the pen," as were three other favorites from the later volumes—Frost hopes one day to publish the four together—Birches, Two Look at Two, and that perfect lyric, Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening. In all the same exquisite inter-transfusion between man and nature, the same allusiveness which starts long whispering echoes in the mind and heart, the same cherishing of an objective image in a poet's dream and fantasy until it is ready to flow out upon the page at last in calm and eternal shape.

Let those who will debate Frost's place in the old poetry or the new: what makes him, as I believe, the most authentic poet of his age is that he is (as I began by saying) a star-gazer, who writes for the satisfaction of his own curiosity. Every poem is a fresh discovery. The general shape of his curiosity was fixed in those first two volumes. Frost has not tried to change it—indeed he has tried not to, since the aim of an artist, to him, is the "undrossing" of himself. Mountain Interval and New Hampshire are not pioneering but fulfilment; they extract new and rich treasure from known veins of ore, lyrical and narrative, as the poet's life has been enriched and eased but not basically altered by success and geniality. Greater preoccupation with the vocal side of verse we do find: here Frost intuitively feels himself to be most himself. To translate the actual shape and sound of living speech into poetry is the chief aim of his prime.

> All the fun is how you say a thing.

Comment: "And the chance it gives you for tones of voice."

Frost is theorizing about poetry. See him stretched out in the sweet fern, under a bountiful August sun, eyes and shirt colored like juniper, hair shaded like grey bark, eyebrows of a rogue, lips of a caustic wit. He is soliloquizing to one of those projections of his wandering self—maybe the Gum Gatherer.

> They call me a New England dialect poet . . . Not so you'd notice it. It was never my aim to keep to any special speech unliterary, vernacular or slang. I lay down no law to myself there. What I have been after from the first, consciously and unconsciously, is tones of voice. I've wanted to write down certain brute throat noises so that no one could miss them in my sentences. I have been guilty of speaking of sentences as a mere notation for indicating them. I have counted on doubling the meaning of my sentences with them. They have been my observation and my subject matter.
>
> I know what I want to do most. I don't do it often enough. In The Runaway I added the moral at the end just for the pleasure of the aggrieved tone of voice. There are high spots in respect of vocal image in Blueberries:
>
> There *had* been some berries—but those were all gone. He didn't say where they had been. He went on: "I'm sure—I'm sure—as polite as could be."

Frost the shrewd, lounging rascal, has vanished behind the junipers. In his place I fancy I see an austere, hieratical figure, serving a rustic altar with a ritual of his own making. And these are some of the ritualistic words:

* First published in America in the New Republic of February 6, 1915.

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> Imagery and after-imagery are about all there is to poetry. Synecdoche and synecdoche—My motto is that something has to be left to God.
>
> In making a poem you have no right to think of anything but the subject matter. After making it, no right to boast of anything but the form.
>
> A poem must at least be as good as the prose it might have been. A poem is a box with a *set* or assortment of sentences that just fit together to fill it. You are rhyming sentences and phrases, not just words. They must go into it as unchanged in size and shape as the words.
>
> A straight crookedness is most to be desired in a stick or a line. Or a crooked straightness. An absolutely abandoned zig-zag that goes straight to the mark.

See him standing on his hilltop, this Virgilian who, for all his crooked, New England speech has made the ancient renunciation, and for all his love of earth left earth behind. Remember Into My Own, the first poem in A Boy's Will, which is also the last in the Selected Poems:

> One of my wishes is that those dark trees,
> So old and firm they scarcely show the breeze,
> Were not, as 'twere, the merest mask of gloom,
> But stretched away unto the edge of doom.
>
> I should not be withheld but that some day
> Into their vastness I should steal away,
> Fearless of ever finding open land,
> Or highway where the slow wheel pours the sand.
>
> I do not see why I should e'er turn back—

Against this Robert Frost has written: "This began it. Exeo."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

(This is one of a series of portraits of contemporary Americans by Miss Sergeant. Another will appear in the near future.)

A Victorian Master of Logic

THE first edition of this book* appeared more than forty years ago. It was at once recognized as epoch-making; and it has since remained a classic in a domain which has shown more definite progress than any other field of philosophy. Though his writings are always models of clear and masterful English—his diction and sentences have the noble terseness of poetry—the inherent difficulty of his abstruse and close-knitted thought has made Mr. Bradley practically unknown to the public at large. The latest edition of the Britannica does not notice him, though it has a short article on his clerical half-brother. Yet for three decades before his recent death he had been placed by the consensus of the competent among the greatest figures in the history of philosophy, the subtlest and most incisive thinker that the English-speaking world has produced since Hume; and slow-moving England finally added to the lasting prestige of its great Order of Merit by joining his name to those of Thomas Hardy and others. Characteristically enough, though no important English-speaking philosopher in the last forty years has been uninfluenced by him, there is hardly a single one today who professes to be his disciple.

Let us recall the intellectual situation, when this book arrived on the scene in the eighties of the last century. The complacent orthodoxy which had bound the English mind since the French Revolution, had been shaken to its roots by the historical or "higher" criticism of the Bible, and by the scientific movement represented by such names as Mill, Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, etc. Those who clung to the human values which the prevailing Christianity served to enshrine, felt that the triumph of the new materialistic tendencies meant the degradation of man and the death of all that had been held noble and spiritual. Yet how was the relentless accumulation of facts by the enemy to be met? Out of this dilemma was born the new idealistic movement led by T. H. Green, the brothers Caird, and others. By the use of German philosophy it found a way of accepting the main "results" of science, such as the theory of evolution, while rejecting the short-sighted emphasis on matter and sensations which characterized the positivistic school. It kept the historic forms of Protestant Christianity by giving them a new liberalized interpretation, seemingly in harmony with science and historical scholarship. It was this synthetic phase of the new idealism which aroused most enthusiasm and attracted men like Josiah Royce and the youthful John Dewey in this country.

The appearance of this work of Bradley's on Logic in 1883 was generally viewed as a great triumph for the idealistic school. It revealed a great thinker who could see far deeper than the surface-clarity of Mill, and could with his dialectic rapier cut to shreds the loose, if not shabby, patch-work which passed as the English philosophy of experience. Just as Mill's Examination of Hamilton had proved a death blow to the previously prevailing union of Scotch "common-sense" and dilute transcendentalism, so Bradley's Logic definitively overthrew the intellectual prestige of Mill's empiricistic logic. Empiricism itself, of course, has too much

* The Principles of Logic, by F. H. Bradley. Two vols. New York: Oxford University Press. 739 pages. $9.35.

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vitality and too many roots in human thought to be ever completely eliminated. But it never recovered from the blows dealt in this book. Its life since then has been largely subterranean and on the defensive. When it ventures forth aggressively into the open, as in some of the writings of William James, it shows a painful consciousness and the outer marks of the blows which it had thus received. In the end, also, despite his protests, James's idea of pure experience is less like that of Mill and more like Bradley's Absolute in which clear concepts and logical relations are swallowed up in an ineffable Reality.

Bradley's Logic, however, was too powerful and too disinterested to stop with the damage it inflicted on the old unimaginative empiricism. It carried its dialectic forward to a point where it also undermined the dogmatism of the new idealism. In behalf of our so-called higher interests, the philosophy of Kant and Hegel had tried to show that any effort to regard the objects of common sense and material science as ultimate reality, must involve self-contradiction. Taking up this clue Bradley pursued it with relentless thoroughness. Very little of the ideology and intellectual structure of the new idealism itself escaped the marvellously double-edged sword of his powerful logic. No wonder that philosophers generally preferred to make smart demonstrations against him rather than come to close grips with him. It is, of course, relatively easy to reject his whole method on the ground that it is too sceptical and leaves us with no comforting certainties. It is tempting to sum up his philosophy with the statement: the world of reality is rational and everything in it is a necessary contradiction. But the fatal weakness of the neo-Hegelian idealistic doctrines based on such concepts as *the self, the good,* etc., had been revealed once for all, and even their brave defense by Josiah Royce could not save them. A new generation of men like G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell, trained in Bradley's logic though not sharing his positive premises, swept through the pretended logical proofs of the new idealism and left it as a memory of fine piety rather than of high intellectual achievement.

Thus it came to pass that a life-long invalid, separated almost entirely from the march of the world's affairs, and even from the progress of science, has yet managed to mould the course of philosophic thought and affect powerfully the methods and standards of its argumentation. Bradley was able to do this primarily because he added to his penetrating logic a rare courage in the pursuit of truth to the bitter end. We may perhaps put it more adequately by saying that Bradley stands head and shoulders above the multitude of clever advocates or passionate propagandists for good causes, by his high sensitiveness to the essential tragedy of human thought itself—its unavoidable task and its inescapable frustration. Long before James, Bergson and lesser men began to harp on the immediate sense of "life" that escapes the mechanical net of "logic," Bradley wrote in the first edition of this book the matchlessly eloquent protest against the view that the world of our joys and sufferings is naught but a "ballet of bloodless categories." But he was too robust a mind to suppose that the limitation of our intellect could enable us to dispense with it and run loose with vague words about life, instinct, or elan vital, which can hardly cover the absence of definite ideas. The edifying certainties which begin where logic ends are but the opiates of weak minds. Intellectual virility shows itself in fearlessly facing the abysmal darkness that envelops us and in persistently applying logic to experience—which is the tantalizingly slow method by which science extends the realm of human habitation. Painfully—I think too painfully—aware of the limitation of all intellectual construction, Bradley's clear and strong faith in metaphysics pulverizes its unimaginative critics who think that we can gain wisdom by blindly hoarding "facts."

The notes and terminal essays added to this edition indicate how implicit in this book are Bradley's later works. His Appearance and Reality towers higher as a brilliant intellectual achievement, and his Essays on Truth and Reality shines with a more mellow light. But as a work of substantial insight and of continued usefulness to workers in this field of human endeavor, this Logic excels. Yet it also best shows the defects of Bradley's noble qualities. Bradley's great strength, I have tried to indicate, lies in his holding fast to both poles of human thought, the immediacy of feeling and the unimaginable totality of all things which we call the world and which our intellect must strive to understand. But whether because his invalidism prevented him from closely following the actual work of science, or whether because he was temperamentally incapable of liberating himself from the modern literary pre-occupation with strong feelings, which makes the work of thought seem pale and lifeless, the fact remains that Bradley did not do full justice to the task of science in building intellectual paths between the two terminals of thought. Too lightly does he dismiss science as valid and useful but incompetent to put us in contact with reality—thus helping to spread the superstition that science is but a practical device or useful fiction. If science gives us no light on reality, the latter must remain essentially unknowable and we have no way of telling how it is related to the world of nature and known experience. All that Bradley can in fact tell us about reality is that in some essentially unknowable way it includes everything. He has no satisfactory way of distinguishing between truth and error. To say as he does that all humanly attainable truths are unreal and that all errors are somehow partial truths, throws little light on the actual world and on the human struggle against error and illusion. Propositions like 2+2=4 may not carry us very far in the apprehension of the total reality, but they are absolutely different from propositions like

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2+2=5. As creatures of sense and time, the absolute totality of the world is for us necessarily an unattainable limit. But the necessary effort after the unattainable which characterizes thought and all distinctively human effort, is made intelligible if we remember that we must actually have an ideal of the absolute sufficiently definite to recognize that our partial attainments fall short of it. It is the possession of this ideal which enables science to discriminate between the true and the false, and to evaluate the more or less true. In thus recognizing our eternal inability to attain an actual absolute we possess an ideal absolute. Is this distinction too finely drawn? It is at bottom the distinction between all doctrines which regard the human task as infinite, necessary, and intelligible though full of tragedy, and doctrines which flatter our frail vanity by trying to persuade us that some favorite creed, institution or panacea will forever withstand the ravages of time and mortal finitude. MORRIS R. COHEN.

Seymour Cromwell

In Memoriam

SEYMOUR Cromwell, who died last week as the result of a fall from a horse, was known to the public exclusively for his aggressive and enlightened administration of the affairs of the Stock Exchange during a recent crisis in its relations with the State. He deserved on this account more credit than he ever received. He gave during his presidency of that institution an example of statesmanship in business which, if it were more widely imitated, would help American business to be carried on in an atmosphere of public confidence. He valiantly and ably defended the Stock Exchange against attacks which he believed to be unjust and threats of state regulation which would in his opinion have impaired its ability to perform its appropriate economic service to the community, but he associated with his fight to protect the Exchange against ignorant and meddlesome political interference a no less strenuous effort to conduct the affairs of the Exchange so that it deserved immunity. He insisted upon the honest consideration of all complaints and thorough-going remedies for all genuine abuses and grievances. In this and in other ways he transformed what is usually a self-regarding activity into a public function.

Yet rare and admirable as was his personal fusion of a private occupation with a public function, those friends who knew him well could discern in his public activities only a dim expression of the quality which most distinguished him as a man. This quality was not born of some particular aptitude or gift. It was a fabric which he himself wove together out of many aptitudes and gifts, and which pervaded his physical and moral life. It is not easy to convey to those who did not know him just what this quality was, but as I saw it, he had shaped it into a sense of personal honor so sensitive and so gallant that it was exalted into a spiritual possession. In his business life it assumed the form of a stainless probity, but it was most completely revealed in his relations with other people. His attitude towards his friends and his family was wholly loyal, generous and unselfish. It was born of a singular purity of heart and chivalry of disposition. Whenever he saw an opportunity of contributing something to their happiness, he was incapable of calculating costs or pausing over scruples. He gave what he had royally and regardlessly. It hurt him not to give.

Just as he was a business man who transformed business into a moral exercise and into a public career, so he was a man of the world who succeeded in remaining almost unworldly in spirit. The superficial aspect of his life did not differ essentially from that of ordinary well-to-do American gentlemen of his own day. He danced to the familiar tunes. His disposition was so sympathetic and social that he could not separate himself from his associates by peculiarities of personal behavior which might become barriers against confidential intercourse with them. But deeply as he was committed to the world of clubs and games and dinners and genuinely as he enjoyed its diversions, he never allowed the easy standards of that world to take possession of his mind. His purity of heart permitted him to surround himself with distracting temptations without succumbing either to the temptations themselves or to a censorious attitude towards those who did succumb. He was engaged in living—in living largely, hospitably, liberally and innocently. Exclusiveness of any kind—either that of a money-maker or a social leader or a reformer—was foreign to his nature. It implied conscious pretentiousness which was impossible to a man whose weakness ran in the direction of being too consciously unpretentious.

Yet in spite of his zest for living, he was not as successful in finding happiness as he was in wishing it on others. His activities, many-sided, zealous and well-balanced though they were, did not wholly satisfy him. He craved a kind of concentrated self-expression which circumstances denied to him. His life was not, except for a few years, focussed by an occupation which offered to him sufficient moral remuneration. He was a man of large calibre who did not for the most part find large enough affairs to transact. He realized this discrepancy between his possibilities and his performances; and this realization prevented him from being able to give to himself a sufficiently satisfactory account of his own life. He was extremely communicative about its incidental aspects, but only occasionally and haltingly articulate about what might have been its essentials. He was for so manly, upright and candid a man curiously sensitive and shy, but when he shied away, it was not from fear of any recognizable fact or responsibility. His uneasiness came from the haunting apparition in his mind of the ghost of his own unfulfilled possibilities.

H. C.

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TWO POEMS

A Dance for Rain

(At Cochiti, New Mexico.)

You may never see rain, unless you see
A dance for rain at Cochiti,
Never hear thunder in the air
Unless you hear the thunder there,
Nor know the lightning in the sky
If they point no pole to know it by.
They dipped the pole just as I came,
And I can never be the same
Since those feathers gave my brow
The touch of wind that's on it now,
Bringing over the arid lands
Butterfly gestures from Hopi hands
And holding me, till earth shall fail,
As close to earth as a fox's tail.
I saw them, naked, dance in line
Before the candles of an alien shrine;
Before a saint in a Christian dress
I saw them dance their holiness,
I saw them reminding him all day long
That death is weak and life is strong
And urging the fertile earth to yield
Seed from the loin and seed from the field.
A feather in the hair and a shell at the throat
Were lifting and falling with every note
Of the chorus-voices and the drum,
Calling for the rain to come.
A fox on the back, and shaken on the thigh
Rain-cloth woven from the sky,
And under the knee a turtle-rattle
Clacking with the toes of sheep and cattle—
These were the men, their bodies painted
Earthern, with a white rain slanted;
These were the men, a windy line,
Their elbows green with a growth of pine.
And in among them, close and slow,
Women moved the way things grow,
With a mesa-tablet on the head
And a little grassy creeping tread
And with sprays of pine moved back and forth,
While the dance of the men blew from the north,
Blew from the south and east and west
Over the field and over the breast.
And the heart was beating in the drum,
Beating for the rain to come.
Dead men out of earlier lives,
Leaving their graves, leaving their wives,
Were partly flesh and partly clay,
And their heads were corn that was dry and gray.
They were ghosts of men and once again
They were dancing like a ghost of rain;
For the spirits of men, the more they eat,
Have happier hands and lighter feet,
And the better they dance the better they know
How to make corn and children grow.
And so in Cochiti that day
They slowly put the sun away
And they made a cloud and they made it break
And they made it rain for the children's sake.
And they never stopped the song or the drum
Pounding for the rain to come.
The rain made many suns to shine,
Golden bodies in a line
With leaping feather and swaying pine.
And the brighter the bodies, the brighter the rain
As thunder heaped it on the plain.
Arroyos had been empty, dry,
But now were running with the sky;
And the dancers' feet were in a lake,
Dancing for the people's sake.
And the hands of a ghost had made a cup
For scooping handfuls of water up;
And he poured it into a ghostly throat,
And he leaped and waved with every note
Of the dancers' feet and the songs of the drum
That had called the rain and made it come.
For this was not a god of wood,
This was a god whose touch was good,
You could lie down in him and roll
And wet your body and wet your soul;
For this was not a god in a book,
This was a god that you tasted and took
Into a cup that you made with your hands,
Into your children and into your lands—
This was a god that you could see,
Rain, rain in Cochiti!

Pallor

(As told in Africa to explain the white race.)

When God made Adam and Eve as well,
He made everybody dark and nobody pale.

Cain was a big man, blue-black,
Blue as the body of a rainy tree;
Abel was a young man, yellow-dark,
Golden-dark as a honey-bee.

Cain, like Adam, had a big black thigh
And a smoky shadow down under his chin;
Abel, like Eve, had a milky eye,
The look of a willow when the buds come in.

Adam had taught Cain everything
As far as anyone could see;
But Eve taught Abel how to dance and sing
And how to plant his ground with a one-two-three.

Cain fed his oxes and watered his goats
And gave his ostriches plenty of corn
And slathered bear-grease on his ponies' coats
And got up with Gabriel early in the morn.

For Cain he was willing to own the earth,
And old Father Adam thought so too;
But Abel was a boy that was gay from birth
And did all the things that he wanted to do.

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And Eve would kiss him on the finger-tips
And he played the banjo in a minute soon,
And then she would kiss her baby on the lips
And he sang all the honey that's dripping from the moon.

When God made Adam and Eve as well,
He made everybody dark and nobody pale.

Now it came one Sunday that the two dark boys
Went to hallelujah for the Lord their God;
But Adam and Eve heard a different noise,
They heard Cain cussing, cussing hard.

The boys had built altars and had killed two kids
And laid two fires, out north of the town,
But fire always goes where the good Lord bids,
And Abel's went up and Cain's went down.

And Cain came roaring and raring like a devil.
"Damn your milky eyes," was all he said,
And Cain leaned over and picked up a shovel
And swung it on Abel and smashed him dead.

And there he stood, with his father and his mother;
And the voice of God came thundering through,
"*Cain!*—What you done with your brother?"
And Cain went almost as white as you.

For when God made Adam and Eve as well,
He made everybody dark and nobody pale.

WITTER BYNNER.

Washington Notes

IN spite of the continued smooth working of the propaganda machine and the honeyed words of praise of the President poured forth by the Senators and Representatives who flock to the White House these days looking after their local appointments I regret to report that all is not so well along the Potomac. There have been since the return from Swampscott an ungodly lot of flies in the ointment. Distinctly, everything has not been Jake.

For one thing those primaries in New York and in Wisconsin turned out in a way anything but pleasing to the Presidential political palate. The results were not to the Coolidge taste in either instance. While, when the elder LaFollette died, Mr. Coolidge and his close advisers maintained their personal decorum they undoubtedly felt that the political landscape was much brighter. It seemed to them that the door was now open for the great State of Wisconsin to return to the Republican fold, that the chances were good for the election of either a Coolidge Republican or an amenable and reasonable Progressive in the dead man's place, that there was an end in sight to the annoying and humiliating lack of consideration with which the President had been treated by the Senate, that their apprehensions as to the success of the Coolidge program at the coming session were in a fair way to be appreciably lessened.

But it has not worked out that way. The reasonably sure prospect that young Bob, nominated by an overwhelming majority, will be overwhelmingly elected on Sept. 29, puts an end to the idea that the whole Senate situation was to be changed by the LaFollette death and has restored the allayed apprehensions to their previous strength and status.

It is quite clear that any other result in Wisconsin would have been more pleasing to our President. Forty years younger, young Bob is just as uncompromisingly anti-Coolidge as was his father. Nor has the fact that Chairman Butler, the bosom friend, seized the day before the primaries as the timely moment for branding young Bob as not a Republican and declaring that he for one does not propose to recognize him as such, tended to change the direction in which young Bob has started. Sometimes I almost think Senator Butler is not as tactful as he might be and that his judgment is not always as sound politically as it seems to have been in the busy marts of the textile trade where he gathered his loose millions. I should hate to have Senator Butler lead a fight for me if the weight were on the other side.

As to the New York situation, what the Hylan-Hearst debacle does besides freeing the city from control by a combination of ignorance, prejudice, incompetence and poisonous animosity, is to open wide the gate and clear the way for Al Smith to run for the Senate against Jimmie Wadsworth. Not only that but it very considerably increases the prospects that he will defeat the said Jimmie and thus add to the already fairly good chances that the Republican party will lose its paper majority in the Senate as a result of the 1926 elections, thereby insuring for Mr. Coolidge during the last half of his present term complete and entire futility. Such a situation, should it come about, would certainly not add to his chances of succeeding himself in 1928 and might very conceivably eliminate him as a possibility, notwithstanding his present widespread popularity and enormous press support.

Under the circumstances therefore it is not hard to imagine that the New York primary result was slightly, if any, more pleasing to the President than the Wisconsin primaries. Had Hylan won it would practically have closed the Smith career. The election of Wadsworth as his own successor would have been assured and continued Republican control of the Senate made more likely. The odds are that Walker will be elected, which will still further add to the power and prestige of the Governor. They were not a good break for the Coolidge administration—those primaries. But then it can afford a few bad ones.

There is another thing: Senator Borah drifted into Washington a few days after Mr. Coolidge, accompanied by Senator Butler, Secretary Sanders, Private Secretary Clarke and the dog he did not kick, arrived from Swampscott. It was not very long before Mr. Borah had said enough things to the "corps of correspondents" to make some pretty good copy and incidentally bear out my assertion made here some weeks ago that there is something inherent and instinctive in his makeup that will prevent his "going along" with this smug little group of New England manufacturers, bankers and department store keepers who constitute the unofficial White House Cabinet and are known as the Coolidge Circle.

In the first place, while avoiding a public commitment as to his attitude on the proposed cut in the surtax, he said enough to make it clear that he had by no means swallowed the hokum upon which the whole administration tax reduction program is based—namely that the surtax must be reduced in order that capital may be induced to invest in business instead of hiding itself away in tax-free securities.

Before the tax fight is over, the hypocrisy and absurdity

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of this argument, which is the one of all others that has been used to swing the newspapers and small business folks into line, will certainly be exposed. From the way he talks in private conversation I would not be surprised if Mr. Borah took a leading hand in the exposure.

More flat-footed and disturbing to the administration advisers, however, were the Borah declarations of his purpose to oppose the acceptance by the Senate of the funding agreement reached on the Belgian debt and his determination to oppose the World Court proposals unless the Court is separated wholly from the League of Nations. It had been hoped, I know, in administration circles that reflection during the summer months would have somewhat modified Borah's World Court obsession and that he would at least have talked with the President before declaring himself on the foreign debt matter. On both scores he proved a disappointment.

Regardless of his personally pleasant relations with Mr. Coolidge it is plain enough that the main opposition to the administration program, not on one thing but on everything, is really going to centre around Mr. Borah. On World Court, on foreign debt, on taxation—the three big items in the program—he unquestionably has views not wholly in accord with those of the titular party leader. It remains to be seen whether he modifies his views to meet those of the titular leader, whether the titular leader modifies his to meet those of Borah, or whether they meet head-on in the Senate Chamber. In any event Mr. Borah's course, conduct and conversation have not added to the the happiness of the close Coolidge group in the last few weeks. Mr. Coolidge himself seems to like Mr. Borah personally as much as it is possible for him to seem to like anyone personally—but it is true that some members of the group have the same feeling toward Borah they had toward LaFollette.

There is still another thing: a group of Western Republican Senators most of whom are facing fights for reëlection have organized an assault upon Secretary Work alleging that he is no true friend of conservation and that his policy of administering government lands works injustice and hardship upon irrigation farmers, cattle owners and sheep raisers. They want him removed Of course they will not succeed in their fight. Regardless of the merits of the matter and despite the fact that Mr. Work is not a particularly able man, Mr. Coolidge cannot be forced in that way.

Mr. Coolidge requested Dr. Work to remain in his Cabinet when the Doctor was prepared to relinquish his post voluntarily last March and he very properly stands by him now in a fight which seems to be at least partly inspired by political reasons and to be without convincing evidence. It is not likely to get anywhere, but it makes things unpleasant and renders it less easy to smooth the Senate path for the administration measures. It is disquieting to have Senators make so much fuss over a matter concerning which nothing can be done. They seem to the President needlessly and foolishly excited and the pressure and pushing have unpleasantly ruffled him. The calm serenity of the latter Swampscott days has vanished and recently around the White House there has seemed to be a return to the querulous mood that was so much privately talked about but so little publicly written about by the correspondents who were with him during the first month at White Court.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Green Hat

The Green Hat, by Michael Arlen. Broadhurst Theatre, September 15, 1925.

THE novel of The Green Hat is mostly tosh but done often with brilliance, subtle insinuation and smart craft. In it, as many readers have known for some time, we have a group of people of a high social world, going about in Rolls Royces and Hispano Suizas from Ritzes to Rivieras, we have emeralds, fashionable clubs, Paris and titles, and a set of ruling principles in capital letters, codes, standards, bases of aristocracy, tone, morality and so on, all raised to matinee pitch; and we have a beautiful lady, Iris, of a doomed old family, denied the one love of her life and going about over Europe trying to kill the love in her body with handsome men until fate brings her one beloved back again and she saves all and gains a welcome death by running her car into a tree.

But the very idea of this lady running over Europe, and known everywhere for her reckless beauty, green hat and yellow Hispano Suiza, while her unhappy life burns itself away, is nonsense, sentimental novelism, the theme of it is like a sloshy romantic spinster letting the last wind out of some Byronic romance. The Green Hat has a bounder quality, vulgar, and snobbish. The figures in it are not characters so much as they are effective poses. They are unconvincing but are exuberantly arranged and lighted. Its appeal is romantic, with a shrewd defense and shine of cynicism. It has two kinds of sincerity, a kind of neurotic sincerity and the sincerity of getting on in the world. It has a sort of pattering suspense toned up with eroticism. It has affectation, a keen insight sometimes insolent and sometimes poetic, a very real literary talent and for its particular purposes a most adroit craft.

In the play of The Green Hat many of the novel's qualities vanish but this adroitness appears with an equally sure fire. The essential unreality of the figures in the book, created into the semblance of life by all the blazing Arlen dust around them, makes a sore difficulty for the playwriting. They are in themselves empty and hard to make talk, and when, as they do in the play, they lose the surrounding matrix that is in the novel, they come off very flatly and foolishly indeed. Mr. Arlen's cleverness then appears. He tries very little to get anything out of these characters, with the exception of the heroine, Iris March, who is given her revealing speeches. He turns rather in another direction. He deserts the subtleties and most of the pretensions of his novel and tries squarely for the good old safeties of the traditional theatre of wronged and misunderstood women. The Green Hat as we see it from in front at the Broadhurst is the obvious child of Scribe, Sardou, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Magda, Camille and the rest. It is not such a bang-up job as many of these theatre classics are, but it uses many of the old tricks and all the old farrago of being crossed in the great love of one's life, being desperate, lonely, longing for a child, making the final sacrifice. On to these familiar motivations and forces are stuck a few modernities, and now and then hints of ideas and some of the wit and daring of the novel. But not much. Nothing is risked that might interfere with the appeal of the piece. And yet it must be said that there is much more than average entertainment in The Green Hat, up to the middle of the last act that is, because of the fact that it has four effective incidents out of this woman's life and because Miss Katherine Cornell is the woman.

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Mr. Arlen's novel is a romance, of high life seen through the rosy lure of snobbery, of gems, epigrams, passions, motor cars and people with an ultra and glamorous degree of everything they are supposed to be. To see these characters upon the stage is something of a shock. They are not to be judged by the book, of course, but only as they stand in the play. In the play they might be said to be more like what they would be in life perhaps deprived of the novelist's glamor and romance. But it would be more exact to say that they are seen now more like puppets from the old familiar theatre, stalking in the limelight instead of Mr. Arlen's romantic mazes. They make dull society indeed for the most part.

Mr. Leslie Howard, as we see him in the play, goes about like a young undertaker made somewhat uncomfortable by a sense of humor which he has once possessed. As the faun-like, glowing Napier of the book he must be a sad shock to Arlen readers. Mr. Eugene Powers grits out the haughty old father between his teeth like a sound, if bored, professional whose past experience stands him in good stead. Mr. A. P. Kaye and Mr. Paul Guilfoyle take in hand Dr. Masters and Iris's brother Gerald and make them into what any audience could recognize as the Eccentric Doctor and the drinking, drug-eating Last of His Line. Mr. Gordon Ash, with an almost comic diction, gives the impression that he has been cast for the part by a romantic virgin aunt who has read and swallowed the affected and false portrait of Hilary Townshend in the novel and decided that her nephew would be just the man for such an aristocrat, with his standards and his undying, life-long, deeply reserved love for Iris March.

Mr. Guthrie McClintic directed The Green Hat. He chose, I think, the only way to undertake the problem, by keeping his actors more or less still on the stage and very much concentrated in mien, in order to persuade us, as far as was possible, that the scant lines and obvious motivations were freighted with meaning and significance and must accordingly be given due pause and restraint. More freedom and realistic flow would have made the play seem emptier than it did. If the last of the fourth act, after Iris goes out, was too much for Mr. McClintic, it can hardly be called his fault. The scene at this point is impossible trash. And anyone interested in the subject of acting will enjoy the sight of these Anglo-Saxon players trying to register a wreck in the distance, with an explosion and a fire and the suicide of a lady, like a party of beadles doing the Sack of Rome.

Miss Margalo Gilmore played Venice, the young, clear-eyed wife of the husband who had loved and lost Iris and been loved by her. Her work carries on the development that she showed last year. She has a talent for entering naturally and spontaneously into the scene. In the third act of The Green Hat there is a moment when Iris comes out of her hospital room during Napier's visit there and meets his wife. It could not be more beautifully and movingly played than it is by Miss Cornell and Miss Gilmore.

If most of the actors seem a long way under the radiance that the novel affords to the personages they play, Miss Cornell goes off in the other direction. The effective nonsense of much of Mr. Arlen's Iris Fenwick appears at her hands to deepen far beyond itself. There are moments—like that when she comes from Napier's bedroom and talks about being spared this one single moment from all Napier's years—when she has to carry along with her some very sorry rot and you can see her making the best of it vocally and technically. These sham elements in her speeches and scenes this artist's own truth shows up all the worse no doubt. But she has explored the part far beyond the dramatist's conception, steadied and fatalized it, and made it stricken and quivering and at the same time cut through with its right ironical modernity. Her performance is largely inner playing, kept within the ebb and flow of herself; but, except for the moment with Miss Gilmore, there is nothing else for her to do, since neither the company nor the structure of the scenes gives her anything to play into.

Sociologically The Green Hat is important as a part of a vogue, a current talent and an instance of what can rouse a tremendous amount of heralding in the theatre. Artistically it is important because of Miss Katherine Cornell.

STARK YOUNG.

The Comedy of Commerce

INDUSTRIALISM'S mood is tragic. In the early years, men's wonder gave to it the glamor of romance. Something of the delicious terror memorialized in The Castle of Otranto went to their consideration of these new giants fleshed of iron and belching steam. But the monsters' bite was too hard; too dolorous was the displacement which they brought to good men's lives. These were no proper prodigies like the "Gothic," avenging merely wrongs and rescuing the noble. So the romantic mood grew swiftly dark. With the early socialists and anarchists, it took on the Doom note of prophecy. Zola made it tragic. In the muck-raking days of our magazines, the tales of factory and mill were grey and ominous. They were indeed replicas of the infernos of our industrial towns. Laughter, like the hero-workman's little girl, languished and died in those swart caves whose breath was a blast and whose light was a sear of fire.

But as Industrialism became more the usual circumstance, we began to react against it. And our reaction, having as its aim recovery, was comedic. That particular response to the grim Industrial glower which is the Comedy of Commerce has found perfection in America. In England, the monsters' bite has been too cruel. There are no spirits left, there is no energy, for the recovering laugh. In the Latin countries, the monsters' sway is not bitter enough as yet to have provoked a systematic answer. (There are signs of it in France.) In Germany, as soon as Industrialism flourished, the Teuton genius turned, not to a balance of frolic or of smiles, but to an ideal compensation. The machine was drafted by neo-Hegelian argument into the soldierly service of Kultur. In America, we had no such metaphysical bent. The best we could do with our Industrial tragedy was to cover it up with a surface, coruscating and comedic.

The symbol of this new comedy is the electric light on Broadway. It is of course commercial and of industrial antecedents. It is bright, dazzlingly. It displays power and wealth, yet it does not reveal. Rather it covers, with its hard cold beams, the rather shoddy buildings. It detracts the eye from the beholding of sources. It is a light that blinds. Any artist will assure you that the electric light is *false*—in the sense that it deforms.

But thanks to such enterprise, it will soon be inexact to speak of our "industrial cities." Industry must continue of course to have its home. But Industry will not continue to control the tone and nature of our dwellings. It will be disguised or hidden. It will become as the kitchen

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or plumbing-system of our social house, as the bowels of our social body. And we will be outwardly bedecked and bedizened in an obtrusive laughter the ingredients of which indeed will be the results of Industry, and the purpose of which will be to deny its parent.

Already, not alone New York among our splendid cities has cloaked this tragic source of its greatness in the comedy of commerce. Forget the blare of the Broadway lights, and think of the shop-windows. How gaily drug stores, hardware stores, delicatessens shine with their myriad cavorting forms and colors. Think of the newspapers whose columns of dour news are plentifully (and profitably) balanced with the comedic patter of the advertisements. In our popular magazines, the reaction is complete. The mill-town is disappearing from them; the honest workman's daughter languishes less in print. It is the doughty salesman, the go-getter of commerce with his steed a motor and his muse a flapper, who commands the pages not already commandeered by "National Advertisers." Our more sophisticated books reveal the same aversion. Our "first-line" critics must, above all, be comic—if not clowns. They must provide the sedative of laughter. And the books they tout do likewise. Tragedy is nefas. The tragic stuff about us has cowed our spirit from the enterprise of making it a means for that joyous confrontation which is Tragedy indeed. We glance off into comedy —if not farce. And the cleverism, the anecdote, the epigram, the swift cartoon—so close to the heart of the salesman—clutter as well the minds of our intellectual classes.

It is so with the theatre. In such a typical success as The Show-Off (called our best comedy by many of the reviewers) a minor rôle fell to Industry. Not the boy mechanic who actually *invents* is the hero; but the salesman, the show-off, the man who by empty bluff and in utter ignorance of the product he is pushing, *puts over* the invention. The industrial source of wealth, an archaic element, remains wistfully indulged and sedulously hidden beneath the noisy comedy of commerce. Most of the spectators of that justly popular play doubtless forget an hour after they have left the theatre that it is the inventor who saves the family by giving the show-off a chance, for once, to bluff about a *fact*.

The comedy of commerce is a comedy of display. It is a denial of the industrial gloom by a boast of brightness. And yet its materials and its very rhythms are conditioned tragically by the tragic world it aims to deny. It is only a disguise; often frenetic, often wistful, never more than momently successful. Nowhere is this more plain than in the music of the comedy of commerce—Jazz. I do not desire to discuss the roots of jazz: whether they lead you back to the Barbary Coast of San Francisco or to the Argentine or to the Congo. The product we have naturalized is the song of our reaction from the dull throb of the machine. Jazz syncopates the lathe-lunge, jazz shatters the piston-thrust, jazz shreds the hum of wheels, jazz is the spark and sudden lilt centrifugal to their incessant pulse. Jazz is a moment's gaiety, after which the spirit droops, cheated and unnurtured. This song is not an escape from the Machine to limpid depths of the soul. It is the Machine itself! It is the music of a revolt that fails. Its voice is the mimicry of our industrial havoc.

You will find this irony in all corners of our successful world. Industry is the source of our power and of our sorrow. We are ashamed of its ugliness, hurt by its cruelties. We will employ the power it gives us to escape the sorrow. We seem so adept! We have ten thousand gay contrivances, all born of Industry, to hide it. But all of them are like that paragon, the motor. Its chief purpose, of course, is to carry us away from factory smoke: ourselves figuratively, and the laborers whose Fords stand parked outside the mill, literally when the day's work is done. But alas! the machine that carries us away from Industrialism carries its spirit along. The clever story in the *Satevepost,* the bungalow, the radio, the song and dance—all the little acts of the Comedy of Commerce—hold the bitter taste, essentialize the spirit and the forms of the Industrial discomfort they are supposed to combat.

The Comedy of Commerce is a failure. It is an antidote brewed of the poison it would save from. We must go deeper for a healing laughter. Laughter that heals must come from health, not from the disease. It must spring from the whole vision and whole experience of life, not from a merely shrewd juggling and twisting of any of life's products.

WALDO FRANK.

Reveries

I

THE Oneida County Fair: Crowding dense in the booth-lined lane, breathing the foulness of food and humanity, tramping raw grounds where they wad their boots with grass-matted gum — weather-rubbed girls in white stockings over ankles as thick as fence-posts, old women from distant farms, squint-eyed, broken-toothed and bent, crippled men with spider arms and legs, red small-eyed leather faces, husky wide-mouthed little girls, idiot sons pushed in wheel-chairs, blond farm-hands, dowdy housewives—they buy wire jewelry and red glass beads, pay to see the snake-eater, the wild man and the hermaphrodite heifer, contribute to exhibits of burnt wood-work and stuffed animals, goose-chase and log-cabin quilts, paintings of puppies in rope-frames, copies in ink of old Gibson drawings, still-lifes of dead jack rabbits and sliced cantaloupes; or, sweltering in the grandstand, they watch trotting races and the inflation of a tarnished brown balloon or stolidly take rides on the merry-go-round, the Snap-the-Whip and the flying swing, to the calliope-blast of two alternate tunes that intoxicate the glaring day—

Builders of heavy stone houses against the storms and the crushing cold; masters of the silo and the barn, ploughers of boulder-sown pastures; claimants of the rolling waste with its mullein-prongs, its red sparks of devil's paint-brush, scrawled across with low stone fences that must perforce wander with the slope, yet for an acre left ruddy with buckwheat or gold with the débris of oats, green with coarse fodder-corn; drivers of black and white cattle where the cows repose in august groves or graze high on the round bald mountains that velvet their own sides with shadows; fishers in evening ponds, when the sky leaks its last fluid yellow and the air has grown dimmer than day only as clear water is dimmer, where the heron hastes flapping off and the bull-frog throbs in the dusk; hunters by black Adirondack lakes in the night of the thick North Woods, where the deer keeps his covert and the black bear his den, where only tall white violets rise from the leafage of a thousand falls; bathers under ferny ledges where the jewel-weed drips orange gouts, where the silver stairway of rapids expands in the smooth dark pool—where the voices of men in the wide silence sound as faint and as far as birds, where the figures of men, like the crests of the elms, like the hawks that range above them, like the very high drifts of cloud, are lost in such a sky.

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II

The Jersey Coast—A Highball: Ice fished from the plain glass pitcher in which the seaside hotel serves ice-water—these pitchers must renounce smartness like everything beside the sea: the pale yellow bleached-looking bureaus, the rocking-chairs on white verandahs, the discolored shabby red carpets in the long halls. Old-fashioned removable screens that brace the sashes of low windows: outside, we watch the backs of late bathers, with dark suits and coral limbs, looking out at the first cold blue dashed already with white-caps of fall. The first cold blue and the earlier dark, they speak already of the pressure of Time, the waning of ambition, the deceptions of love!—the period of life that approaches its close with the period of the year! A train wails passing the hotel with all the sadness in its modest shriek of the stations it has still to stop at in its journey along the shore—Monmouth Beach, Galilee, Long Branch, West End, Elberon, Belmar, Spring Lake, Avon-by-the-Sea—dilapidated, deserted hotels, soda fountains boarded up, flimsy cottages with crumbling scrolleries ready to capsize like sand-castles; Swiss châlets as large as museums, Italian villas with elephantiasis, turreted mediæval fortresses like a nightmare of Maxfield Parrish; monstrous mosques, half-timber manor-houses swollen to a vacant grossness; vineless pergolas, unpolished globes, untended umbrella-trees, crouching marble lions and dogs drowned now in the vast unweeded lawn. All alive and fashionable once in the racing days! George F. Baker, Garfield and Jay Gould—"all the statesmen, all the actresses, all the big gamblers,"—when there used to be a line of victorias that stretched from the race-course to Long Branch. The race-course, where the record was made for the run on a straight mile track, overgrown with locust and ailanthus now, where tramps camp and the village boys take their girls. Left alone to the nakedness of winter and the melancholy of the shore! So nations have flourished and fallen—we wear them like our houses, our clothes—we cast them and leave them to desiccate. Jay Gould wears a different face, Eastlake a different aspect—they are playing the races elsewhere! To hang behind among the husks of life! to watch winter darken the sea, strip the shore of its bathers and close the hotels, closed already long ago for the powerful and the gay!—We must stop for a time-table tonight! Let us ring for more ice-water!

EDMUND WILSON.

A COMMUNICATION

The Cause of the Chinese Ferment

SIR: The world has been aroused by the sudden explosion of nationalistic feeling in China. Those of us who have lived in China for a number of years and have watched the growth of "the patriotic movement," especially during the last five years, were not so surprised, and perhaps a brief discussion by one who to some extent appreciates the Chinese point of view would be in order.

The accounts of various witnesses are so divergent that it seems almost impossible to determine what took place in Shanghai on May 30, but it is probable that it differed very little in its essentials from what took place in Boston about 150 years before. (See any 100 percent American account of the "Boston Massacre.") Certainly the whole country looks upon those who fell as having given their lives for their country, and many would like to revenge them by a Lexington and Concord which would drive every Britisher into the sea. The police of the International Settlement may have been within their rights as they understood them, but the whole point is that Young China regards them not as rights but as wrongs, forced upon her in the beginning and maintained ever since by naval and military force. The trouble of May 30 and the following days is not so important in itself, as it is as a symptom of a feeling of wrong and oppression which has been smoldering for years and which has been fanned the last few years by innumerable patriotic writers and speakers, notably by Sun Yat-sen. He has been more powerful in his death than in his life, and in countless memorial orations his words regarding "unequal treaties" have been burned into the hearts of the people.

It is useless for us to point out that China's great problems are not international but internal, and that she suffers much more from her *tuchuns* and their parasitical troops, from bandits and opium and graft, than she does from foreign nations. It is useless for us to say that the treaties will be revised as soon as stable conditions and a strong central government have been established, or that she will be allowed to increase her tariff when she abolishes the *likin* tax. The vital point is that while free countries have the right to decide what tariffs they will charge, China is bound by her treaties to charge only 5 percent. She is not only compelled to allow every foreigner who wishes to enter and reside in her country (missionaries anywhere, others in the treaty ports) without being amenable to her laws, but she has the embarrassment of seeing the foreigners in the "concessions" and "settlements" set up governments which control to a large extent all who live within them, Chinese as well as foreign. Some of these practices, such as the "Mixed Court" in Shanghai, are scarcely provided for in the treaties, and have been a constant source of ill-feeling between the Chinese and the foreigners.

In stirring up the present feeling, Russian influence has probably played its part, but it has been only an indirect or accessory one—not the fundamental cause. Probably those in power have been glad to see the movement, as a means of turning public attention from their own misdeeds and of uniting the nation. Patriotism and anti-foreignism are little different even in America or Europe; why should we expect them to be in China?

America's course would seem clear. She should use every effort to persuade Britain, Japan, France, etc., to revise all treaties with China on a basis of conciliation and good-will. It would probably not be possible to meet all of China's demands. The abolition of extra-territoriality, for instance, cannot be achieved all at once, any more than it was in Japan, and in that matter the Powers would probably be unwilling to go farther than they did at the Washington Conference. But the status of the Concessions would be reconsidered, especially of the "settlement" at Shanghai, and a form of government provided for it which would give China at least a partial voice. Perhaps something approaching the form of government in the ex-Russian Concession at Hankow could be established. And certainly every effort should be made to get the Powers to agree to tariff autonomy for China. Those who followed the proceedings of

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the Washington Conference will remember that the failure to gain this was the only point which the Chinese delegates vigorously protested.

If it is impossible to get the other Powers to give up these privileges, I believe that America should act alone and revise her treaties with China. In discussing the "most favored nation" clause, Chinese have said to me, "The treaties provide that anything we grant to one nation must be granted to all, but the really 'most favored nation' is Russia, because she has given up all the 'rights' extorted from us by the Tsar's government, and any nation which does the same will be equally well liked by our people." In fact Germany, which was forced to give them up by the Versailles Treaty, has in many ways prospered by the change. If American goods entering China had to pay 25 percent and those from other countries only 5 percent, I believe that America would get the business, because people would boycott the other countries. And certainly American missionaries would be able to work to advantage, whereas if America does nothing now, no one will listen to them.

But I urge every American citizen to do all in his power to get America to act in the way I have outlined, not primarily because it will help American business, or American missions, but because it is just and right, in line with the spirit of our American ideals and the principle of fair play. The opposite policy advocated, I am ashamed to say, by many foreigners in China of the mailed fist and "treat 'em rough," will get us nowhere.

RALPH W. POWELL.

Yale-in-China.

CORRESPONDENCE

The New Naturalization Policy

SIR: For many years judges throughout the United States have denied citizenship to aliens whose wives were living abroad. The attitude of the judges was that the wife's residence abroad contradicted the applicant's intention of making his permanent home in the United States or that he had deserted his family and was for that reason unfit for citizenship. They said, too, that as long as the naturalization of the husband automatically conferred American citizenship on the wife, they were averse to naturalizing a man whose wife was not only in a distant country but might have no intention of ever coming to the United States.

Under the Cable act, the alien's wife no longer secures American citizenship by the naturalization of her husband. She must herself be naturalized.

Under the immigration act of 1924, to come to this country, the applicant's wife must secure an immigration visa (the wife of an American citizen is entitled to a non-quota visa). As the wife of a resident alien, even though he may have declared his intention to become a citizen, she is not even entitled to a preference. In most European countries it will take anywhere from five to one hundred years of the existing quota allowance to exhaust the applications on hand.

Many judges have failed to take account of these important changes and the practice of denying citizenship to aliens solely because their wives are living abroad still continues, although the original reasons for the practice no longer exist.

On February 14, 1925, all naturalization examiners were directed by the bureau to "oppose the granting of all petitions where the family is not residing in this country." While the final decision on all applications for citizenship rests, of course, with the judge, the influence of the Naturalization Service is a most important factor. Some judges have already reversed their previous liberal rulings and are now following the recommendations of naturalization examiners in denying citizenship to applicants whose families reside abroad.

It certainly seems that the law, sound reason, national square dealing and the best interests not only of the individual but of the country at large dictate the reversal of the practice of denying citizenship to thousands because their wives have not been able to come to the United States.

There should be an end to the anomalous plight in which the alien finds himself who cannot become a citizen because his family is abroad yet cannot have his family join him in America because he is not a citizen.

New York, N. Y. NATHANIEL PHILLIPS.

No Russo-German Entente

SIR: Whether it be possible, as Mr. Huddleston suggests in his interesting article in the New Republic of September 9, that France and Russia may yet "clasp hands," it does not look as though Germany and Russia were likely to be found in the near future in the fond embrace that was at one time predicted as their coming attitude. At least a letter that I have received today from Germany gives no such suggestion. It is from a young, liberal-minded lawyer in Hamburg, who is known in his own country as a thoughtful writer on international subjects.

My correspondent begins by saying that it is only a question of time when Germany will enter the League. This was settled by her memorandum of last February. "Some French and English writers," he says, "would have us believe that Germany hesitates because of a secret coalition with Russia. That is nonsense. There is no military 'bloc' between Russia and Germany. Since the Treaty of Rapallo we have rather gone away from Russia. Germany is rising from a proletarian to a bourgeois situation, and her attitude towards Russia must therefore be the same as the other bourgeois states. There will be a European coalition for the first time since the War. It will include Germany and exclude Russia. Such is the aim of the Security Pact."

> From a lawyer's point of view I preferred the Geneva Protocol to the Security Pact. I know that in my opinion I stood almost alone among my countrymen. And I know besides that the Protocol is now impossible—that it has become impossible because of the attitude of the British Empire. But it was a brave and progressive step towards establishing the rule of justice in international affairs. The proposed "Pact" means going back to the system of alliances of the Congress of Vienna. Such coalitions always involve the danger of war, and that in our case means war with Russia.
>
> I understand that France—especially by her ambassador in Moscow, M. Herbette—is earnestly endeavoring to reconcile Russia and Poland. It has become rather difficult for France to keep Poland's army on a war footing. As respects Poland we should insist on a promise from France that she will do everything she can to keep our Eastern neighbor at peace.
>
> Some German politicians may be inclined to exploit the rivalries of France and Britain in the East, but our responsible statesmen will not countenance this. They will not divide the common interests of Europe, which now, for the first time since the War, unite England, France, and Germany.

As my correspondent puts it "the common interests of Europe" do not include for the time being those of Russia." The latter are not covered by the Pact. But, as my friend reminds us, Europe must reckon with them later on.

Philadelphia, Pa. FRANCIS FISHER KANE.

The Scopes Defense

SIR: Permit me to commend your discussion of the Scopes defense in your issue of August 19. Disliking as much as anyone this Tennessee statute, I am very much opposed, as a student and practitioner of law, to the attempt to have it declared unconstitutional.

I have found a very speedy way in which to silence some of the enthusiasts on that side of the question who "hope the Supreme Court will give it a lick with the Constitution at the first chance." I have asked these people to think a bit. Suppose an American state should forbid the teaching of Communism in its schools. This causes a shudder. Was the state not to have this right? Was the Supreme Court to have the privilege of saying it could

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exercise no such right? Being no Communist myself, I certainly should wish the state to have that privilege, and I found that the others, being quite of my mind, began to think twice about this business of having the Supreme Court tell the state that it could not announce that the teachers whom it pays should not teach certain subjects to pupils who get their education free at the expense of the state.

The question is not arising here under a set of laws in which pupils are forbidden to go to other schools than those of the state. Then it is possible the Supreme Court might feel itself justified under the "liberty" clause to interfere with any curricula. It would be an unhappy right in that tribunal even then, and I am satisfied that the members of that court would have no desire to see thrust upon them the delicate duty of passing upon the propriety of state school books. In the Nebraska case, in which the state law had forbidden the teaching of German, the complaining person it must be remembered, and the Supreme Court carefully so stated, was a teacher in a private school, where the Supreme Court regarded it as an invasion of liberty for the state to prohibit the teaching of a liberal study and a foreign language, where no question of morals could possibly be involved.

I have no doubt that ninety-nine in every hundred of our superintendents of public schools are opposed to this Tennessee law, and that on reflection they would be equally opposed to having that law destroyed by a straining of the Constitution rather than by public opinion, which will inevitably and soon destroy it.

Seattle, Wash. FREDERICK BAUSMAN.

Flapper Jane's Shoes

SIR: Mr. Bruce Bliven's sketch of Flapper Jane is highly amusing. But I don't like its implications. I agree fully that the protesting mother of 1925 would have been herself a horrible example to 1890. But I cannot quite forgive the "Hurrah!" at the end of his little sketch. There is too much admiration for the heroine implied—shall I say too much admiring respect?

Now if Flapper Jane had defied some stupid gods and had hewn a way for herself towards some splendid and desirable end, gladly would I, too, cry "Hurrah!" But did she? Is it not the easiest way she has slipped along, not hewn at all? I feel all through the sketch an attitude of applause, the applause that is given to courage. But it is precisely this quality of courage that I miss!

If Flapper Jane had dared to achieve non-conformity, if she had really adjusted her clothes to her daily work, then would I applaud. Can you really imagine anything less fitted for its task than Flapper Jane at the typewriter? As I once said in a play, "If any animal were as totally unfitted for its environment, the result would be death." Only the human is able to muddle through.

Mr. Bliven speaks as if the corset and the train were the only hampering articles of woman's wardrobe, and as if now she is FREE! If the dear man would only look at Flapper Jane's feet! Can one look at those fragile, paper-soled, ill-fitting, down-at-the-heels slippers (I am speaking of Flapper Jane in Wall Street where Mr. Bliven seems particularly to admire her) worn by Jane and her ilk and retain a scrap of any feeling towards her save perhaps pity? Flapper Jane at the top may wave defiance, but Flapper Jane at the bottom is merely an instance of pathetic defeat. I remember well being caught a few years ago in a sudden shower. With a number of Flapper Janes I waited in a doorway at five o'clock for the rain to let up or a taxi to heave into sight. I felt so sorry for the girls in their inadequate suits, and their thin slippers. Pointing to one girl's feet, I said, "It wouldn't be so bad if you had sensible shoes on." With a shrug of the shoulders she said, "I know it! Aren't these awful? But what can you do! The fashion, you know!" I have not discovered that the working girl is one bit less a slave of fashion than her frivolous sister. And surely the wage-earner is the greater martyr.

To Mr. Bliven Wall Street is the most appropriate spot for Flapper Jane. But my dear Mr. Bliven, Flapper Janes do not grow in Wall Street. They must walk several blocks to the subway; there they must stand in their non-supporting slippers, then more blocks to their office—four months of the year in gusty blasts. Then there is lunch to be had at some place from two to six blocks away, and the home-going in the same subway. Flapper Jane may be an object of admiration in the shelter of her father's home, at the wheel of a smart motor, or in the sunny places of the country club. But in Wall Street to my mind she is only the last word in inappropriateness, stupidity and the herd instinct.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

The Flapper's Brief Case

SIR: I have been entertained by Bruce Bliven's article on Flapper Jane in the New Republic of September 9. His reference to the fact that only a bag is needed for the wardrobe of ladies who used to require six trunks reminds me that I spent the summer near a charming youngster who spent ten weeks in the country and who carried her apparel in a brief case.

Doesn't it strike you that a brief case is exactly the carrier for the costumes you described? Could anything be more appropriate?

Albany, N. Y. KATHERINE GAVIT.

Views With Alarm

SIR: Intolerance has been gnawing at the roots of civilization since the beginning of history and has several times threatened to sever them and leave man to totter as the bean vine that fell in the path of a cutworm. During the greater part of this struggle scientific men who knew the folly of such intolerance were too diplomatic to speak vehemently against it, or they were too few in numbers to make their views heard. But slowly through ages of bloodshed and continual strife, man has emerged upon an era of seemingly undisputed tolerance only to find the Volstead Act, the Tennessee and Oklahoma evolution laws, and innumerable Sunday "Blue Laws" and local ordinances staring him in the face.

Each one of these laws represents a deprivation of personal liberty as to thought or deed that is comparable with the deprivations of the first three centuries of our era at Rome or with the restrictions placed on personal liberty during the Spanish Inquisition. And, slowly but surely, man has crept into the web of this intolerable spider, and will have to use more than ordinary tact to free himself. . . .

Slowly but surely the activities of the group who have been rather aptly cartooned in Judge as "Aunty Everything" are affecting the everyday life of the average citizen to an alarming extent. The bathing costumes of women are being regulated, the hours and types of Sunday amusements are being restricted, the right of publishers to print and sell magazines (some of a very low standard, I admit) that are in demand is being crushed, the use of tobacco is in danger of prohibition, and even the academic freedom so long cherished by colleges and universities is being challenged. . . .

For the purpose of combating this enemy of progress and individuality the various groups of people directly and indirectly affected should pool their resources and fight with active organs of propaganda this cutworm that is digging at the roots of civilized existence. Let the scientific societies, e. g., the American Association for the Advancement of Science and its affiliated organizations, pool their educational campaign with campaigns of the American Federation of Labor (especially the branches affected by "Blue Law" legislation), the National Association of Professional Baseball, and the various motion picture corporations for the concentrated fight that must come between intolerable fundamentalists and the rest of society before the world can be safe for individuality. Yes! before the world can be safe for thinkers of any description. THEODORE R. BEARD.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

Contributors

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The New
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Fall Literary Section

Du Côté de chez Proust

The Guermantes Way, by Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Two vols. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $6.

TO a reader hesitating outside the strange landscape of Proust, one of the most alluring gateways—certainly from the Côté de Guermantes—is where the Red Shoes of the Duchess go twinkling over the page:

"I" am calling at the ducal residence. Swann comes in, superb in a "pearl-grey frock-coat," with "white gloves stitched in black," and carrying a "grey tall hat of a specially wide shape which Delion had ceased now to make except for him, the Prince de Sagan, the Marquis de Modène, M. Charles Haas and Comte Louis de Turenne." When he laid this wonderful hat on the floor, it was seen to be "lined with green leather, a thing not usually done, because, according to him, this kept the hat much cleaner, in reality because it was highly becoming." "I" wondered whether in the old days he had not worn a clipped mustache or his hair brushed up vertically in front, for he seemed strangely altered. The fact was that he was mortally ill.

The Duchess came in—

> tall and proud in a gown of red satin the skirt of which was bordered with spangles. She had in her hair a long ostrich feather dyed purple, and over her shoulders a tulle scarf of the same red as her dress. "How nice it is to have one's hat lined with leather," said the Duchess, whom nothing escaped.

No, nothing but the patent signs that her friend was dying.

To this annoying fact Swann would naturally not have referred; but pressed by the offended great lady to say why he would not join them in a trip to Italy in the spring, he was compelled to reply: "But, my dear friend, it's because I shall then have been dead several months."

How embarrassing for the Duchess! Swann politely reminded her that she must not let her concern make her late for dinner; but she "perceived in a vague way that the dinner to which she was going must count for less to Swann than his own death." As she hesitated the Duke cut the knot with an axe:

> "Come, Oriane, don't stop there chattering like that and exchanging your jeremiads with Swann; you know very well that Mme. de Saint-Euverte insists on sitting down to table at eight o'clock sharp . . . the horses have been waiting for a good five minutes. I beg your pardon, Charles," he went on, turning to Swann, "but it's ten minutes to eight already. Oriane is always late, and it will take us more than five minutes to get to old Saint-Euverte's."

The Duchess yields and lifts her red skirt to enter the carriage, thereby enabling the Duke to make the terrific discovery that she is wearing black shoes ("But, M. Proust, this is incredible!" says the reader.) The Duchess, who hates a scene before Swann, gently insinuates that since they are late already . . .

> "No, no, we have plenty of time. It is only ten to; it won't take us ten minutes to get to the Parc Monceau. And, after all, what would it matter? If we turned up at half past eight, they'd have to wait for us, but you can't possibly go there in a red dress and black shoes. Besides, we shan't be the last, I can tell you; the Sassenages are coming, and you know they never arrive before twenty to nine."

There you have it—pure essence of Proust—the whole episode, far more delicious than the excerpts suggest, contained within about thirty pages—essence of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, distilled with irony, and with no small tincture of human nature at large. And so adieu, for the time, to the feudal race of the Guermantes.

But with what, then, have we been occupying ourselves for eight hundred-odd pages of their story? We begin with impressions of life in Paris, mainly in the mind of Françoise, the old servant (about 40 pages); spend an evening at the Opéra-Comique and are waved at by the Duchess de Guermantes (about 30 pages); go to visit her nephew, Saint-Loup, an officer in a garrison town, for the purpose of getting an introduction to the Duchess (about 100 pages); return to Paris and have luncheon with him and his actress, "Rachel when from the Lord," go behind the scenes at a rehearsal (about 40 pages); have tea with the Marquise de Villeparisis, meeting various grades and degrees of high life and entertained with much discussion of the Dreyfus Case until the Duchess herself enters and the Castle of Illusion topples to the ground (some 150 pages); follows a brief episode with the degenerate Charlus, the Duke's brother, to be elaborated later (40 pages altogether); "my" grandmother has a stroke and dies (about 70 pages); the Duchess, no longer on a pinnacle of romance, invites "me" to dine with a distinguished company, includ-

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ing Royalty (180 pages); and "I" pay a call later to find out whether her cousin, the Princess, really intended for me the invitation to an "evening" which I had received from her (and do not find out until the next volume, as yet not translated).

These eight episodic blocks, welded together with incidents less developed and glimpses of other phases of Parisian life, make up the two volumes of this section of Remembrance of Things Past. It is obvious that they cannot be judged structurally until it is seen how they fit into the whole design. We have lived through the sensations of a child becoming aware of life in the delicious country town of Combray; we have been swung into the current of Swann's passion for the worthless Odette; we have shared the enchantments and disillusions of a growing boy in Paris and at Balbec by the sea; in this volume we have the romance and disillusion of a youth admitted to glimpses of high life in the world's most civilized society. We are warned by the titles of the works yet to come to us in English that we shall descend to lower depths in Sodome et Gomorrhe, and that after bitter personal disillusion we shall be rewarded with the clue to the whole process in Le Temps Retrouvé. Can we persist with unflagging courage to the end?

But wherein lies the difficulty? It is, at the very least, two-fold. In the first place, as has been pointed out by Conrad, Proust, instead of presenting a synthesis of life, makes us follow him through all the mazes of an analysis—an analysis in which minutiæ are magnified as if the author had somehow acquired a microscope attachment to his sensations and perceptions. In the second place, there are the sentences—Christmas stockings full of sugarplums, it may be, but requiring to be taken in small bits to be digestible.

That the analytical method has been pushed to a degree before undreamed of a few rough estimates will make clear. For example, in the forty-eight pages in Volume Two concerned with the Grandmother's death, less than a dozen altogether are used to present the scene or the actors; and of these pages, about three would cover all the dialogue. The analysis, then, includes about three-fourths of the content. Again, in the great dinner scene, where little but description and dialogue would be looked for, at least two-thirds of nearly two hundred pages are concerned with the interpretation of the invisible. In a third passage tested, only about 7 percent of a hundred pages consisted of anything but psychological analysis.

In the face of all this—this jungle of analytical sentences, why is there a Proust cult? Why do some of us, with an irritation that swells to exasperation, still read on?

If we read on, it is because we care about the truth, and we realize that this neurotic invalid somehow managed to capture certain elusive, strange, at times repellent, but undeniable manifestations of human life that have escaped others. Merely to have shown the continuity of character between a great feudal stock and the many branches of their stupid and corrupt descendants was something; to have traced the fluctuating feelings of adolescence was something; to have recreated the intense, fleeting sense-life of childhood was perhaps most of all; and these three worlds Proust has, by laying them bare, intensified, made us create for ourselves. If we succeed less in this Guermantes volume, it is partly through lack of tradition and familiarity with the material and partly through our failure, thus handicapped, to see the persistent irony which, like a concave lens, shows this great world of social life to be exceedingly small.

Time enough, when the last word has been put into English, to decide whether Proust was the supreme genius of his age, as many competent critics declare, or merely a clever psycho-analyst, or no more than a notoriety whom, as we know, Mr. George Moore cannot "stomach." But whatever we shall finally make of him, there are signs throughout his work that with him, not only was art a passion, but also, in all his patient tracing of the labyrinth of illusion, he expected to find in the heart of it some clue to the meaning of life. And as for the art itself, he conceived his writer Bergotte as dreaming of a patch of yellow wall in Vermeer's Delft as "of a beauty in itself sufficient." So, Bergotte reproached himself, he ought to have written; so that the phrase in itself would have become as precious as that bit of yellow wall under the brush of the Dutch master.

And Proust himself at times, with the skilful aid of Mr. Scott Moncrieff, is able to give us, not merely a phrase, but a paragraph as beautiful, as penetrating, as sufficient in itself as this on the Grandmother dead:

> An hour or two later Françoise was able for the last time, and without causing them any pain, to comb those beautiful tresses which had only begun to turn grey and hitherto had not seemed so old as my grandmother herself. But now on the contrary it was they alone that set the crown of age on a face grown young again, from which had vanished the wrinkles, the contractions, the swellings, the strains, the hollows which in the long course of years had been carved on it by suffering. As at the far-off time when her parents had chosen for her a bridegroom, she had the features delicately traced by purity and submission, the cheeks glowing with a chaste expectation, with a vision of happiness, with an innocent gayety even, which the years had gradually destroyed. Life in withdrawing from her had taken with it the disillusionments of life. A smile seemed to be hovering on my grandmother's lips. On the funeral couch, death, like a sculptor of the middle ages, had laid her in the form of a young maiden.

Here is nothing new, but a familiar thing deeply felt and shaped into words neither more or less than fitting, not less beautiful in its way, perhaps, than the wistfully admired work of Vermeer. And it is for the sake of passages like this, embedded in The Guermantes Way, that those whose minds are sensitive to truth and beauty even when obscured by mortal imperfection, will read on to the end of all that Marcel Proust had to give.

EDITH RICKERT.

The Battle Over Blake

William Blake in This World, by Harold Bruce. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 218 pages. $2.75.

Blake's Vision of the Book of Job, with Reproductions of the Illustrations, a Study by Joseph H. Wicksteed. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 248 pages. $3.

Blake and Milton, by Denis Saurat. New York: The Dial Press. 75 pages. $2.

WILLIAM BLAKE, mystical poet and painter, took very elaborate precautions against the philistines. In his own life he did his best to insult their science, their art, their church, their very standards of sanity; and his works were deliberately so conceived and executed that posthumously he might be safe from the academic in thought and feeling. The time of the testing of his precautions is

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now at hand: Blake has survived the mad dogmatisms of the literary church to which he became patron saint; he has survived the gruff and hearty contempt of those afflicted with the "common-sense complex"; and today there is not a professor in the land who does not know that Blake is "important."

What are the professors to do? The man is established; and though from his chaos shoot beams of light positively dazzling at times, yet chaos is no place for a safe-and-sane professor. Harold Bruce, in his William Blake in This World, meets the situation by omitting Blake's works from his account of Blake. He mentions several important works but once—among them The Marriage of Heaven and Hell and The Everlasting Gospel; he omits several others completely, such as The Four Zoas (Blake's longest work), The Book of Urizen, and Visions of the Daughters of Albion. These are surprising omissions, even in a book which intends merely to sketch Blake's life.

That difficulty out of the way, Professor Bruce reconstructs Blake's outward life by reassembling the facts as they have come down to us. Undoubtedly the most important part of the book consists in new material which has turned up here and there, particularly that material which covers the second decade of the nineteenth century. This was an obscure period in Blake's life, which has been emphasized because of a wild rumor (never believed by anyone) that Blake once was in an insane asylum; but now that we can account for these years, we need no longer consider that rumor.

Adherence to fact is essential, especially in treating of a man whose perfervid disciples seem deliberately to have constructed evidence which supported personal theories. Professor Bruce falls on the other side by discarding and ignoring, somewhat arbitrarily, evidence which has seemed good to all other Blake critics. Gilchrist's book suffers the most, and we think unjustly. He was an honest worker who spent his latter years collecting material for Blake's life. Why is this material discounted now? Is it because Professor Bruce caught Gilchrist napping once, when Gilchrist described the wrong house, not knowing the street had been renumbered since Blake's death? But this is not psychical research, in which a single misstatement discredits an entire life-work! Why should Professor Bruce not believe Butts's account of the Adam-and-Eve episode? Butts was a close friend and a warm supporter of Blake's, and he must have known what he saw, for all the angry protests of posthumous defenders of Blake's sanity. But Professor Bruce goes even further: he doubts a conversation between Blake and his own wife (p. 8)!

After all this verification and simplification, the man Blake is still a person about whom Professor Bruce cannot make up his mind. For example, the question of the "visions" proves singularly perplexing; we are given three different and contradictory answers. The first, which occurs on page 8, implies that one chance remark of Blake's was magnified and distorted by credulous friends and critics into a whole legend of vision. The second theory occurs on page 131 where, after lengthy citations of the more remarkable visions, we are asked: "If this function . . . is not the creative imagination, the poetic impulse, and no other, what is it?" Apparently the question answers itself. But no: on page 189, the philistine doubt breaks forth:

> And yet, and yet, though the exaggeration of rumor can be checked, though the testimony of the spectators on earth can be marshalled in favor of Blake's sanity, the spectators in the sky remain. They were real to Blake. If to go through the great dance of life with a "continued vision" of their presence is to be mad, Blake was mad.

In neither question does Professor Bruce use the cautious subjunctive. He cannot make up his mind; and when (on page 212) he refers to Blake's "madness," he plays safe at once with an "if it is to be so called."

A far less puzzling question—in fact, it was no question until Professor Bruce made it one—is Blake's attitude towards revolution. On page 25, Gilchrist is accused of pretending that Blake recanted from his early revolutionary politics. The answer lies in Blake's own works. The French Revolution of 1792 hailed rebellion; later works denied the value of physical warfare of any sort, but upheld the eternal delight of intellectual warfare. "God never makes one man murder another, nor one nation," he jotted in his notes on Bishop Watson (1798); and the idea is developed at length in the epics. Why Professor Bruce ignores the works and discredits Gilchrist is difficult to say.

Joseph H. Wicksteed's Blake's Vision of the Book of Job is the reverse of Professor Bruce's in method. Mr. Wicksteed limits himself to the task of tracking Blake's ideas through the labyrinth of one work only—the famous series of engravings. It was Mr. Wicksteed who discovered in 1910 that these engravings were not a set of scattered illustrations to the greatest book of the Old Testament, but rather an ordered series of symbols which contained the formula of "Experience"; or, to put it less technically, the mental conflict of the man in misfortune—a conflict which eventually works itself out to a justification of the laws of the universe.

Blake had suffered and was reconciled, for he was an old man now; in these engravings he recorded his solution of the mystery of pain. And it was characteristically daring that he selected Job as agonist, for the Biblical Job, though his faith was answered, offered no explanation of the ways of God. Let us be specific. The book of the Old Testament was written against the formalists and Pharisees. It teaches that obedience to law is insufficient for happiness, and that outward disaster is not the result of personal sin. Job in his suffering insists that the universe is a moral chaos, and challenges God to answer him. God appears in a moment of mystical ecstasy (for, according to Aquinas, the Whirlwind was subjective); Job glimpses a larger order behind the universe; and his faith is answered, though his reason cannot comprehend it.

Now Blake's daring lay in this: he found the answer which is not (openly at least) in the Bible. Blake said that the weak point in Job's armor was his belief that obedience to law would bring the happiness called Salvation. Job was, in short, a Pharisee. The disasters heaped upon him serve to shake him from this error; and step by step Blake follows his mental reactions, up to the revelation that love is the reality of which the law is but the letter.

Mr. Wicksteed's book is an enlargement and rewriting of his volume of 1910. It is a labor of pure delight, of subtle exploration—oversubtle, it may be, at times; but in intensive work, that is a fault on the right side. Mr. Wicksteed does not write for those who want merely to be told over again how exquisite the engravings are: his book is an intellectual rather than æsthetic adventure.

Professor Bruce erred, I think, by ignoring the real point of Blake's life; Mr. Wicksteed errs, if at all, on the side of symbolic pedantry; while Professor Denis Saurat, in his Blake and Milton, tries to take the safe middle ground, but without much success. He proves what Blake himself said

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many a time: that Milton influenced Blake strongly. By diagrams and quotations he shows that both poets had a map of the cosmos in mind, that both placed the ideal in the centre, and so on. We put down the book without learning anything new about Milton or about Blake; we remember that Professor Raymond D. Havens has covered the ground both more neatly and completely in his Influence of Milton Upon the English Poets.

Thus the battle over the value of Blake's work continues. Whether despised, merely respected, or deeply adored, they cannot be set aside. The Nonesuch Press of London has just issued in three handsome volumes the Complete Writings, purged of their innumerable corruptions. These corruptions had become so extensive that one book, The Four Zoas, appears virtually for the first time as Blake wrote it. All combatants over the dead poet will be much relieved, if only because the footing on the battlefield is surer.

S. Foster Damon.

Edward Everett

Edward Everett, Orator and Statesman, by Paul Revere Frothingham. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 495 pages. $6.

In New England a memoir follows the decease of a noted figure almost as inevitably as the funeral. It is, therefore, with some surprise one realizes that Edward Everett has waited sixty years since his death for this final rite. A biography was planned by his son but never written and, as the years passed, Everett's fame rapidly dimmed until even his name is probably unknown to the great mass of our citizens. "A great and brilliant man" his biographer calls him. Brilliant, yes, but great? As one reads this excellent and candid account, one sees but too conclusively that he was not great either in character or achievement, and recognizes why with all his shining qualities and opportunities he left but little mark upon his time.

In many respects he was generously endowed for almost any career he might have followed, and he tried several. He had a good although not a profound mind; an extraordinary memory; a "radiant beauty of person," as Emerson phrased it, that fascinated all who came near him; a gift for oratory considered to be excelled by few in his day; acquaintance with many of the most distinguished people both in Europe and America; the firm friendship of such powerful leaders as Daniel Webster; a wealthy father-in-law who made possible the seizing of opportunities from which a poorer man might have been debarred; and, in his later days, moderate wealth of his own. On the other hand, he had certain nagging difficulties with relatives—as who has not?—and, more important, certain weaknesses of temperament and character.

The mere catalogue of his honors is not unimposing. Entering Harvard at thirteen, he became, at nineteen, pastor of the Brattle Street Church, the largest and most fashionable in Boston. At twenty-one he was appointed professor of Greek at Harvard with the privilege of three years' preliminary travel and study in Europe. Abroad he met such luminaries as Byron, Goethe, Madame de Staël, Benjamin Constant, Alexander von Humboldt, Walter Scott and others. At twenty-five he assumed also the editorship of the North American Review. At twenty-nine he was elected Representative in Washington and ten years later governor of Massachusetts. In 1841, at the age of forty-seven, through Webster's influence, he was appointed ambassador to England, becoming afterward successively president of Harvard, Secretary of State and United States Senator.

When we get behind this mere list of official positions, however, to the man himself, it becomes obvious why it could be said of him that he hadn't "backbone enough to be sexton of a church" and why John Quincy Adams called him "a reed shaken by the wind." In any office that he held he did the daily work thoroughly, almost morbidly conscientious, often wasting himself on the unessentials. But as one watches him accepting one position after another, after the inevitable "hesitation," only to resign or threaten to do so within a comparatively short period, one feels that, with no understanding of his own character and limitations, the man restlessly pursued the glitter of high office. Without the strength to refuse any distinguished post when offered, he was also without strength to "stick it," as the English say, afterward. He found that he had made a mistake when he had become a pastor, when he had become a professor, when he had gone to Congress, when he had become president of Harvard, when he had gone to the Senate, and he resigned from one office after another, contented only as ambassador and Secretary of State, which latter position, owing to a change of administration, he held only four months.

Wherever he did striking work it was due to some of the brilliant qualities he undoubtedly possessed, as in his preaching during his brief pastorate or the state paper on the Cuban situation, dashed off in a few hours while Secretary of State. During his term at the Court of St. James no problem of first importance came up, and socially he was happy and successful. It is typical, however, that he resigned from most of the offices when they called for firmness of decision and strength of character.

He rendered a number of public services other than those mentioned but these were of a sort that make a "distinguished citizen" and that called merely for public spirit rather than greatness. Indeed, both in small things and large, throughout his career, he seems to have been conspicuously lacking in that quality. Would a great man, for example, when called to bring some semblance of order and discipline out of the disgraceful conditions at Harvard, have frittered away strength and risked influence over the question of what seal should be used? Would a great man, when his son-in-law, a naval officer and a Southerner, had to make the soul-racking decision as to which side to take in the war have used some of the arguments Everett used? Would a great man who had assisted Daniel Webster to draft a state paper promulgated in his name have been the means himself of letting that fact reach the public after Webster's death? Above all, would a great man have adopted, both in House and Senate, the hesitating, equivocal attitude he did on the slavery question? Would a great man, with the gifts and opportunities of Everett, have failed, as Everett conspicuously failed, as president of Harvard, Representative and Senator at times of crisis?

Dr. Frothingham has undoubtedly given us as favorable an impression of his subject as the subject allowed. He has done his work excellently and written a book of unusual interest, in many ways a model biography. There is no Freudian probing or displaying of complexes but the springs of action are laid amazingly bare and as we read we find ourselves more and more absorbed in the psychology rather than the achievement of Everett. The work is not a study of a "great American" but of a man who with transcendent gifts and splendid opportunities failed to become great be-

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cause of fatal defects of character. When we have finished the somewhat painful reading it is hard not to agree with Charles Francis Adams when he said of Everett that he was of "stuff not good enough in rainy weather, though bright enough in sunshine." Few books could more solemnly if unintentionally proclaim the lesson that without strength of character brilliancy does not constitute greatness nor a succession of high offices a career.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

A Gentle Breeze from Academic Groves

Great Britain and the American Civil War, by Ephraim Douglass Adams. (Two vols.) New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 647 pages. $10.

AN old theme, Anglo-American relations during the Civil War, the subject of many heated controversies, is now surveyed from the alpine height of recently excavated materials. The surveyor who has also done the excavating is a doctor of philosophy and a professor of history, learned in the accepted canons of the American school. He has labored long and diligently in the collection of data and he has enjoyed the privilege of access to official and private papers in England hitherto sealed to searchers in this field. The results of his study are spread over the pages of two fair volumes, divided into eighteen chapters covering such outstanding topics as British attitude toward Seward, the Trent affair, the blockade, mediation, king cotton, the Laird rams, and British opinion on the irrepressible conflict. The language is temperate, the style clear, and the spirit urbane.

Naturally the findings in this grand inquest refer in the main to details which, in the eyes of the layman, will seem somewhat minute; it is in the molecules and atoms rather than in the general structure of the historic version that the researches of Mr. Adams have wrought the greatest changes. Indeed it is surprising that such assiduous studies and the examination of so many unprinted manuscripts have left the conclusions of the older writers on this subject so firmly intact. This is not saying that Mr. Adams has not done well what he set out to do, but that after meticulous inquiries he has found no reason for a revolution in the judgments of our best books. Neither is this saying that he puts forth no new generalities of his own. On the contrary he makes a number that will interest everybody except regular attendants on moving picture shows. Perhaps the most significant conclusion based upon new documentary revelations is that Seward's zeal for a foreign war in the spring of 1861 was well known to Russell and Palmerston and resulted, among other things, in "the British government's determination to step warily in the American conflict" (i, 113-136). It seems to be another case of the big stick used with more or less intelligence, but with happy consequences. You never can tell! If Seward had not been prepared to fight England, the blockade might have been broken, the South triumphant, and slavery still thriving on this continent. With respect to another significant issue, Mr. Adams verges on the categorical; he thinks that England's "premature" recognition of Southern belligerency, before the arrival of the new American minister in London, was fortunate, and "averted an inevitable rupture" (i, 112). This is interesting, but at best it is somewhat speculative.

Towering above all other questions, of course, is the old one: Did the British government—for practical purposes, Palmerston and Russell—in the bottom of their hearts, hope to find advantage for England in the dissolution of the American republic? Many American writers have answered this in a bold affirmative. The Russian ambassador in London at the time believed that in such a secret wish lay the key to the official policy. Dr. Adams advances his judgment (i, 51): "If however one turns from the surmises of foreign diplomats as to the springs of British policy, to the more authentic evidence of official and private diplomatic correspondence, there is found no proof for such accusations." That is clear; coming from such an authority it is entitled to great weight, but just where do we stand after the decision is rendered? How do we know that letters of the most vital character have not been lost? This is especially important because official communications were often followed by supplementary private letters giving facts and views not meet for official documents, and we are dependent on chance for the preservation of such private papers. Moreover, it certainly would have been foolish for Palmerston and Russell to put any such sentiments on paper, even if they had entertained them. What they said behind closed doors is not a matter of record—any more than discussions in the cabinet. It is interesting that Dr. Adams has not found anywhere in the papers an expressed desire for the dissolution of the American republic. His statement is authoritative. But as to the essential point of intimate policy we remain just where we were.

Against a negation based on the silence of papers—preserved and destroyed—stand certain indubitable facts. The American minister in London early lost "his faith in the straightforwardness of any portion of the Palmerston-Russell ministry" (i, 170), and few of his dealings with that ministry afterward gave him any reason for changing his view. A large body of frightened Conservatives—for whom Palmerston and Russell (Finality John) spoke—beyond all question did ardently desire the ruin of the American democracy and did openly express their opinions to that effect. Neither Russell nor Palmerston had any sympathy for republican or democratic principles. The British government almost until the end believed that the Confederacy would succeed in breaking the Union (ii, 271). Their neutrality, to say the least, was from the Northern point of view "cold," and not until after the fateful battles of Vicksburg and Gettysburg did it really become "friendly" (ii, 272). An undoubted majority in both houses of Parliament was hostile to the North from the beginning to the end. These facts and many others of the same kind are more significant than the silence of diplomatic documents and offer a better basis for judgment. And underlying all British diplomacy were economic facts as yet scarcely visible in the records of orthodox history.

After all why should Northern writers object to British policy during our Civil War? Their objections are founded on the belief that England should have shown no sympathy for "the slave power." But the war did not originate in any movement to abolish slavery. The Republican party merely opposed slavery in the territories, and Lincoln again and again declared during the opening months of the war that slavery was no issue between the combatants. He even approved the proposed constitutional amendment which would have fastened slavery on the country forever if the clash of arms had not prevented its adoption. Hard-headed Englishmen had at hand an abundance of American evidence to the effect that the conflict sprang from a rivalry

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of capitalists and planters over economic spoils, and they were confirmed in opinions of that character by the frosty language of the Emancipation Proclamation. In the face of the facts, it is not surprising that the British cabinet were unable to view the matter as a case of black and white. The war disturbed business, the major preoccupation of the English governing classes, and they naturally wanted it stopped. Nevertheless there was not as much sheer hostile sentiment in the British diplomacy of the period as there is today in American official treatment of Russia—Russia which offers to American respectability the same danger which Lincoln democracy offered to British Tories of the Palmerston age. Certainly any American who bases a grudge against England on her Civil War diplomacy is lacking in perspective, balance, and humor. Mr. Adams has made that clear beyond all shadow of a doubt.

Still it is not on this moot point of "intimate policy" that our author has thrown the most light; it is rather on the course of English public opinion during the conflict. He has examined newspapers, magazines, letters, and memoirs with herculean labor and summed up his findings with judicial calm. Nowhere, surely, can one discover such overwhelming evidence that wise, learned, good, and powerful editors, military experts, and statesmen may be wholly wrong, fatally obtuse, in their interpretations of events and their divinations of the future and that despised demagogues and blind believers in humanity may be justified by the verdict of history (ii, 166, 176-178, 197, 212, 215, 221, 229, 232, 244, 251, 281, 301, etc., etc.). Weltgeschichte ist Weltgericht. The cream of the folly is skimmed from the editorials of the mighty London Times. By rhetorical dexterity the directors of that great journal even triumphed over the follies of the pontifical military expert, W. H. Russell—the ingenious Oracle who daily portrayed the hopeless, incurable errors inherent in Grant's Wilderness campaign and in Sherman's childish march to the sea! It would take a finer hand than that of Swift to do justice to the intellectual prowess of the English upper classes in those stirring days.

Had Mr. Adams adhered closely to his diplomatic and journalistic materials, there would not be a crack in the joints of his armor, but he has widened his jurisdiction in passing to make a side kick at the economic historians. In a brief footnote he undertakes to destroy utterly the significant conclusions of Dr. L. B. Schmidt who contends that the Northern wheat which poured into England during the Civil War offset the cotton loss and turned the diplomatic balance in favor of Washington. Mr. Adams thinks this view is "wholly erroneous," (ii, 13), and his clinching argument is that he finds nothing in the documents about wheat and a great deal about cotton. To the Neolithic mind of the present reviewer that seems to be no argument at all. Why should there be any mention of wheat in the documents? It was streaming into England in a flood and there was no controversy about it. To say the least, therefore, the question is still open and it will take something more than arguments from silence to decide it. If Mr. Adams has gone far into the economics and statistics of the period, his volumes fail to reveal the fact.

Some time, no doubt, an economist will assail the problem from another quarter. He will analyze the figures of British-American trade before and after the outbreak of the Civil War. He will discover, if he can, through mists of family biographies, the security holdings of cabinet officers and members of Parliament. He will examine into the sale of munitions to the federal government, the changes in the technology of English industry, the sale of federal bonds in the English market, the use of federal money to "bear" Confederate bonds and to "bull" Lincoln securities, and many other matters not referred to in the elusive rhetoric of diplomatic documents. Unhappily for science such researches are infinitely more difficult than the reading of clear print or bad handwriting; the very sources are hidden in out of the way places. Until such work is done, however, American historical reflections on the period will suffer from the disability of too much ideology—Condillac's disease.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Three Views of Music

A Musical Motley, by Ernest Newman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 320 pages. $2.50.

Contemporary Music, by Cecil Gray. New York: Oxford University Press. 262 pages. $2.50.

The New Music, by George Dyson. New York: Oxford University Press. 152 pages. $2.50.

PRICE and English authorship are perhaps the only characteristics common to these three books. True, music is the common subject, but music means an entirely different thing to each of the three authors. To Ernest Newman it offers picturesque reminiscence, food for criticism, raillery and merry prophecy. Music is the diving board from which the author springs deftly into a refreshing sea of random observations.

To Cecil Gray music suggests musicians: his book comprises twelve studies of musical biography, followed by a summary of a score of lesser composers. Here is no record of birth and death, but rather the rise and fall of a dozen arts marked off, measured and judged by the author.

George Dyson, on the other hand, takes music to mean the art and science of tone, and "new music" to demand a careful exposition of the gradual evolution and complication of tonal law.

Ernest Newman has had the easiest of the three tasks, and makes the lightest demands on his readers. Giving five pages each to Mad Monarchs, Weary Willies, and Musical Surgery, he sets many doors ajar, and then, dodging the draught of new air that he has admitted, he escapes the duty of spinning a fuller development of his ideas, and darts dexterously to pastures new. Such a motley as Mr. Newman has christened his assemblage of newspaper articles glows with a dozen unrelated colors that seem to demand fusion. But is not motley a dress beloved of fools?

Cecil Gray starts out boldly in his preface with a rigid formula: "The qualities which go to make a great work of art do not intrinsically differ from one age to another." Artists may rise or fall in historical perspective, but an absolute æsthetic judgment can at any time place them definitely in the scale of greatness.

Reflecting on the variety shown in the judgments of accredited critics, Mr. Gray then retreats a few steps. "Mr. Ernest Newman's opinions are nearly always wrong," he remarks, "but the fact remains that his musical criticism is of more value than that of anyone else in this country at the present time. . . . It is good to be right, but it is even better to have the courage of one's convictions. . . . No apology, then, is offered for the outspoken manner of the following studies."

This combination of theoretical absolutism and personal justification accounts for much that follows. It has much

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to account for. Slyly Mr. Gray juggles with his terms in his introductory chapter. He concludes that absolute music is romantic music, having reached this definition, which pleases him mightily, by showing that all other definitions of romantic music are contradictory. With such a wind brewing, it is not easy to prophesy the eddies that follow.

Of the twelve ensuing figures, Richard Strauss receives the hardest buffetings with Debussy a close second, while Delius and Van Dieren are offered the least chary praise. Not only does the author feel that with Strauss "mortification has set in before death," but that his decline "has thrown a searchlight upon the defects and failings of even his best work."

Debussy endures similar treatment.

> His rhythms are singularly lifeless and torpid. The objectively musical interest of Debussy's music is almost as slender and tenuous as Hans Anderson's Emperor's clothes. . . . In his harmony Debussy is as curiously limited, monotonous, and restricted as in his melody. . . . The influence of Massenet is the only French element in his music.

After such novel indictments, we are somewhat prepared to see Puccini given four pages, Malipiero and Casella four lines, and Pizzetti hardly more than four words. Schreker, Hindemith and Korngold are dismissed with a mean simile apiece. Haba, Loeffler and DeSabata find no mention at all.

But we are not prepared, after our initial introduction to Mr. Gray's avowed prejudice in favor of the romantic composers, to find him decrying Stravinsky and standing up for Schoenberg. "Having successfully annihilated every trace of melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic interest in his work during his frenzied flight from expression, he arrives at the elimination of coloristic interest as well." So much for Stravinsky, whose success the author feels is due to "the melancholy stupidity and gullibility of the musical public."

In regard to the Austrian, however, Mr. Gray writes that of

> heroic pioneers, explorers, navigators, none has been more adventurous or daring, more tireless or indomitable, than Arnold Schoenberg, and none has brought back such sumptuous and glittering spoils, such strange and exotic trophies, certainly none is more worthy of our respect and admiration.

Such definite judgments fail to justify themselves according to Mr. Gray's original theory of æsthetic standard. Their very decisiveness makes us hesitate. They certainly serve to define Mr. Gray, they even put him in the historical class which he refrains from assigning to his composers. It would be hard to imagine many other writers choosing these particular twelve men as significant of contemporary music. But given these twelve men, it would be easy to pick out Mr. Gray. Would it be worth even such slight trouble?

After the bright gibes of Mr. Newman have faded, after the partisan heats of Mr. Gray have cooled, we find Mr. Dyson a mine of keen, scholarly interest. His is no easy reading. From the very appearance of its numerous musical illustrations, we realize that the book contains many nuggets to be broken up and raked over. Its literary style is almost as dense as it is dignified. Principles rather than personalities are the theme. Preferences are silently dismissed, but the contrasts of musical styles are explained in the luminous terms of their antecedents, how they have arisen and from what origins.

Mr. Dyson brings to light a score of fascinating theories. The development of the pedal-point or drone-bass from the function of preserving the atmosphere of a particular key to that of enriching the harmonic texture; the effect of "natural" brass instruments in necessitating discords, later justified in systems of multiple tonality; the gradual elimination of harmonic inferences and the resulting harmonic compression: these manifestations are difficult to express easily, but they are as illuminating to the student of modern music as they are convincing. A man like Mr. Dyson could hardly be prejudiced; he understands too much. And when he sums up his conclusions, we are forced to concede their liberality.

> If Bach and Mozart may be taken as the twin poles of formal perfection, and Beethoven as the explosive genius that cannot be confined, then the main critical task of our day is to answer the following question: Are there any standards of judgment that will cover the work of these great exemplars, standards that can also be applied with fair consistency to the music of any period and any place? No narrow technical values will serve because as between Bach and Mozart there is no identity of technical aim.

These principles Mr. Dyson offers as economy and coherence, qualities so broad in scope, so generous in application that we hasten to accept them.

He refrains, however, from evaluating his moderns even by such a yardstick. "We may envy our successors their perspective," he concludes, with the hesitance of a true scientist, "we cannot forestall their verdict."

It is of the writer who shows the greatest uncertainty in laying down the law that we have grown, in these three books, the most certain. MARY ELLIS OPDYCKE.

Mechanistic Psychology

Physiological Foundations of Behavior, by Charles M. Child. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 330 pages. $5.

Neurological Foundations of Animal Behavior, by C. Judson Herrick. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 334 pages. $5.

MUCH as I dislike to write a notice of these important biological volumes, not being a biologist, I nevertheless seize the opportunity to do so, because of their unusual psychological and sociological importance. It seems, indeed, that the authors are addressing students of behavior and of society rather more than biologists, and their work is a striking exemplification of a recent statement of Professor Haldane in the New Republic, answering a query as to why he did not become a psychologist:

> I do not believe that psychology will go very far without a satisfactory physiology of the nervous system, any more than physiology could advance until physics and chemistry had advanced to a certain point. This is not to say that physiology is a mere branch of physics or chemistry, or the mind a mere by-product of the brain. But it is a fact that we can only know about life by observing the movements of matter. You may

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> be the most spiritually minded man on earth, but I can only learn that fact by seeing, hearing, or feeling your bodily movements. As the latter depend on events in your brain, I may as well get some information about those events. To study psychology before we understand the physiology of the brain is like trying to understand physics without a knowledge of mathematics. Physics is more than mathematics, as matter is more than space, but you cannot have the one without the other. Now, at the moment the physiology of the nervous system is being worked out with great speed, and by contributing to its progress I suspect that I am doing more for psychology than if I became a psychologist.

Child's work is truly foundational for the question of the limits of environment and heredity. By using chemistry and physics and applying arbitrary stimulations to protoplasmic material he is able to dominate the growth of form and structure in astonishing ways. By altering the chemical and physical environment he can produce a larger or smaller brain, extra eyes, grow an extra head by making a cut at a certain point, or determine the location of the central nervous system by running an electric current in the desired direction. A stimulus, according to his results, is transmitted through structureless material, such as the amœba, like waves of water or air or an electric current, and diminishes in intensity in proportion to the distance from the point of primary excitation. Because of this decrement in excitation he calls such a line of stimulation a physiological gradient. In an organic form living in a chemical-physical environment various physiological gradients are produced by the surrounding stimuli; these different gradients represent different rates of living in the different portions of the organism, and the more and less important portions of the internal structure are laid down along the lines of the more and less important gradients. Thus, the head develops from the portion which has the highest rate of living (the most active physiologically) and what other regions become is determined by their position with reference to that most active region. The reason Child is able to produce a head where a tail usually grows is that by making a cut at that point he produces a dominant region of excitation. And this region, because of its superior activity, becomes the brain and the "leader, organizer and integrator" of the remaining organs. For in this connection Child makes it very clear that in addition to an external environment there is an intra-individual environment, the remaining parts forming an environment for each individual part. And between these parts there is both struggle and coöperation. The endocrine substances, for example, to which so much importance is attached at the present moment are chief among the chemical correlators which result from the differentiation of the organs and at the same time assist in this differentiation. It may well be proven, indeed, that they are of supreme importance in regulating and developing what we call "personality" but Child holds that they are after-products, following the development of the organs. They cannot account for the organs since the organs must be present before the chemical substance can be produced.

The development of animal forms is thus not a spontaneous process predetermined in the cell structure; the development of the frog, the bird, the man, is a process of education. Heredity is to be viewed simply as a condition limiting possibilities, not as determining development. But in order to account for the multitude of forms developed side by side in the same environment it is necessary to assume for each form a specific protoplasmic constitution or raw stuff to begin with; a specific kind of protoplasm produces specific structure and behavior in a given environment. As to man, the general structural and functional features are so fixedly determined at the time of birth, owing to the long period of gestation, that they can be but slightly altered afterward by experiment. But the human monsters occasionally born represent precisely the kinds of alterations which the physiologist is able to produce experimentally in the lower animals by altering the physiological gradients. These monsters are experiments which nature has performed, and the physiologist could produce similar specimens if he were able to experiment with the child in utero. On the other hand human character is largely dependent on the cerebral cortex, which develops after birth, and Child's whole claim as to the direct formation of structure and function through immediate stimulation agrees perfectly with the experiments of Pavlov and the view of those psychologists who hold that habit-formation is as profound in its effects as biological structure, and socially more important, and that practically any desired behavior patterns can be formed in the child by early training.

At many points and on the whole Child's position looks very much like a form of Lamarckianism, though he does not declare himself in that way. He views heredity as no more or less than the memory of past experience—a position taken by Hering some fifty years ago. An excitation, he says, may be transient, but if it persists long enough to produce differences in protoplasmic conditions, long enough to be organically remembered, it may become a physiological axis—that is, determine structure. The protoplasm remembers in the sense that the stimulus leaves effects which persist for a longer or shorter time, and its later behavior is altered by this memory. The establishment of physiological gradients and the growth of structure in this connection are to be regarded as a process of learning.

The author shows himself throughout very sympathetic with the writings of Herbert Spencer. He notes a parallelism in development between the organism and society, and claims that the more simple and primitive forms of social integration and of physiological integration are autocratic, but as evolution progresses this autocratic character becomes less marked in both until in the higher organisms and man the organism approaches a democracy with representative government, as it does in human societies, the reflex responses being superseded to some extent by the deliberative and judicial functions of the cortex, which acts as a general arbiter on all messages from other parts of the body which are important enough to reach it.

The last point, the function of the cortex, is considerably elaborated by Herrick, whose volume is of even greater importance for the problems of society than that of Child, or, more correctly, it is nearer to these problems. Assuming Child's physiological gradients as fundamental, he works out in very fascinating language and with a wealth of illustration the rôle of the nervous system as the organizer of the totality of the body and indicates how the mind arose, not to produce action, but within action, as an instrument for the better control of behavior. Many of his passages are directly social psychology, as, for example, his treatment of the personality at any point of its development as a causative factor in the development of other personalities. Not the least merit of his study is to discredit still further the phantasyings of psychoanalysis which, as he says in a paper read since the appearance of this volume, seems to resemble the facts not more than the Greek Fates resemble the modern biological instrumentalities which have replaced them.

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The two volumes are virtually a collaboration in which, "appealing to no supernatural agencies and to no metaphysical categories," the authors present physiological integration as fundamentally a behavior process. They are not in complete agreement with the Watsonian school of behaviorism, but they represent another school of behaviorism. Let us hope that their colleague, the unique Carlson, will prepare a companion volume on the organization of the glandular and visceral systems. W. I. THOMAS.

From a Polish Album

The Peasants, by Ladislas Reymont. Four vols.—(Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer). New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50 each.

IN The Peasants, Ladislas Reymont sits down beside us and invites us to look at his photographs, four long albums of them, labelled according to the seasons. There are pictures here of family groups and pictures of individuals—landscapes, ceremonials, even animals, for Lapa, the dog and Vitek's stork are as vivid as any of the human beings. Image upon image, incident upon incident, throughout the eleven hundred pages, they crowd each other as closely as on the canvas of life. We find amongst them, Yagna, the bride, with her corn yellow hair and sapphire eyes, "like the rampant piece of lust that she is"; the toil-worn Hanka, intelligent, nagging, faithful wife of Antek, who is also Yagna's incestuous lover; old Boryna, Yagna's husband and father of Antek by his first wife, head of Lipka's first family; the crone, Agata, who asks alms from village to village all winter that she may die like a good wife amid her relatives in the spring; Mr. Yacek, own brother to the squire, who lives quixotically amongst the peasants, lending a hand with the work now and then, if not too engrossed with his violin; Roch, the Dziad, octogenarian and beggar, wanted, nevertheless by the police because of his patriotic activities—and scores of others, a violent, quarreling, lustful, work-driven lot.

We have glimpses of the Polish landscape, season by season—almost hour by hour, as significant but monotonous as time itself.

> The days were lengthening out, misty at dawn, hot though cloudy at noon and gorgeous with burning sunsets: true, spring days. Some, cool, bright, clear, passed by in quiet beauty, with a sprinkling of yellow dandelions, white daisies, and green buds coming out all over the willows. And some were downright hot—burning hot, moist, soaked in sunlight, smelling of all fresh scents—but there were other days, too, totally unlike these. Sunless, foggy, of a livid gray, with bellying clouds low down in an air so dense that it turned the head like strong drink; and the trees tossed and rocked, and all things swelled with indistinct cravings towards, they knew not what: men only longed to shout, to yawn, to roll about the wet meadows of lush grass, like the silly dogs around them! Then there were days of rain, that commenced with dawn, with a hempen funeral pall over everything, making the road invisible, as were the cabins, too, buried in their drenched orchards. And steadily it fell, in regular, tremulous, gray threads that seemed unwound from an unseen spindle between sky and earth; while everything bent patiently beneath the streaming downpour and hearkened to the many voiced bubbling of the rills, white with foam, that ran down the dark lined fields.

There are views innumerable of the Catholic church, not only the pageant of its ceremonials—its christenings, marriages, funerals and saint's days, but in its personal aspect toward the individual. We get an impression of a religion so real, so unquestioned, so completely of a piece with the daily routine it sanctifies, that we pass on sobered in our own glib scepticism—and not a little envious. Finally, too, there are scenes of husbandry, endless, gruelling, unmitigated toil in the fields, to which the peasant is the life-long slave; yet dies in bondage to his own children by whose greed he is forced to hand over his acres as soon as they have worn him out, leaving him as sole reward a dumb, yet passionate sense of oneness with his land.

> He felt as though he were himself the very waft of the wind through the corn, the very gleam of the soft, green fleece of the grass, the rolling of the streamlets over the heated sands, athwart the meadows redolent of new mown hay; he felt himself one with the birds flying high above the earth and crying to the sun with the great, incomprehensible clamor of life: as if he had become the murmur of the fields, the tossing of the pine forest, the rush and mighty impetus of all growing things; also the mysterious potency of that hallowed mother, the earth, who brings forth all in joy and gladness.

Patient work it is, and often beautiful, but always photography, with an occasional comment beneath to explain the inset. We feel, when we have finished, that we know that particular town of Lipka as well as if we had spent our lives there. It is presented so thoroughly, with such piling up of detail, and above all, such fairness, that it is a triumph of matter over mind. Not a character is distorted by prejudice or preference. Each stands out as relentlessly as though exposed to a film. Yagna, beautiful, passionate, sought by all the men in the village, staggers home from the tavern so drunk that she has to be put to bed by her sister-in-law. Yagustynka's vitriolic carping breaks off with the involuntary cry: "One's heart is not a stone, one tries to harden it in churlishness toward everyone; but it will not do and there comes a time when it can bear no more and crumbles away to sand with the pain of it!" And the priest, of whom it is said by the villagers, "There is no better man in the whole world," slyly lets his horse graze in the neighbors' clover as he keeps watch over the cover of his breviary.

But however just these descriptions may be, however true or poignant the episodes, their force is too often diminished by the author's generalizations or the lamentations of the characters. It is a fact that in real life, grief does cry out in generalities, which, as a climax to misfortune, are heart-breaking because of their very triteness and simplicity. But in literature, the process is not reversible, nor above all, does it bear elaboration. A writer cannot give us a Jeremiad and then expect us to reproduce his creature's pain. The result is, here, that although the peasants inundate page after page with their tears, the reader sheds never a one.

As a matter of fact in spite of having won the Nobel prize, this is not great art—not the masterpiece, chaotic or unfinished though it may be, of a Dostoyevsky, for instance. It is merely good craftsmanship. The test of literary genius is the depth that it can sound, not accuracy or perseverance, or execution. There is not a sentence that compares with Fyodor Karamazov's terrible "There are no ugly women" which in five short words, taps mortal lust to its dregs;

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not a term that epitomizes the human tragedy like the irony of that title The Idiot to designate a modern Christ. We sit beside Ladislas Reymont turning over the pages of his albums and we are distinctly impressed, touched often, bored more often—and never shaken.

KATHERINE KEITH.

The New Psychology

Unmasking Our Minds, by David Seabury. New York: Boni and Liveright. 429 pages. $2.50.

A Present-day Conception of Mental Disorders, by Charles Macfie Campbell. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.

Dynamic Psychology, by Dom Thomas Verner Moore. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

HERE are three books on the "new" psychology written from three widely different points of view. The first is a popular treatise by a commercial psychoanalyst, full of strange statements and promising much in the way of mental uplift; the second a brief academic work, cautious and sober and emphasizing the limitations of psychoanalysis; the third an elaborate volume, written with the thoroughness that befits a Benedictine scholar, yet slightly distorted by the attempt to keep the concept of psychology within the limits of the official beliefs of the Church.

Unmasking Our Minds is the type of best-seller which raises the hopes of the dabbler in psychoanalysis. The book is written in a jargon of journalese and Freudianism and offers a tempting program to the man in the street who would explore his mind and unlock his potentialities. The plot remains one of Bunker Bean, the underpaid clerk who by intense concentration thought to rise to the position of general manager. So here the mere titles of the chapters unfold a moving tale. By the Instruments of Self Defense, Discovery of the Human Me becomes the Unfolding of the Self. Undercurrents of Consciousness lead to Shells of Habit. But Intelligence and Understanding can pierce the Screen of Misconception, loosen the Grip of Repression and the Freeing of the Powers Within will lead to the last grand act of Untwisting Our Tensions.

We turn with relief from this hectic popular manual to Dr. Campbell's A Present-day Conception of Mental Disorders. In this Harvard Health Talk the lecturer proposes to deal with human nature working under difficulties and to choose one small portion of that broad problem. Here the topic is not to be abstract mental disorders but men, women, and children in difficulty—suffering, hoping, thwarted, groping. Now the public is wont to avoid the disagreeable word mental and to substitute "nervous" disorders. A nervous breakdown is respectable and a nervous relative can be talked about. But it is well to face the facts and to recognize that so-called nervous patients are as a rule suffering from mental disorders.

These may masquerade under many disguises, but we are so much under the spell of the old-fashioned conceptions of human behavior that the real driving forces of the person escape us. So individuals who keep careful watch on their own blood pressures, on their weight, on their digestive apparatus, may have little interest in their own odd twists of character. The father of a family may consult regularly his family physician to make sure that his blood pressure is in good order, but does not mention to the physician that for years he has not been on speaking terms with his son, who lives in the same house with him.

All this may be true, but it is rather paralyzing to the reader. It is introspection carried to the nth degree. It reminds one of the anatomist who meditated so long on how fearfully and wonderfully he was made, that he could not get up from his chair. However, this Harvard Health Talk has a purpose. It is to take things in time lest worse befall one. The old medical way was to adopt a slightly superior attitude towards the patient, paying comparatively little attention to the real inwardness of the situation. The new way is to be sympathetic and to take account of special fears and tricks of thought as mental disorders. Here there are patients frozen with melancholy or indulging in an orgy of exuberant activity; patients living in a fantastic world with morbid visions and communications and uncanny influences, in whose universe one sees no coherence or logical structure; patients keenly logical and argumentative, embittered and seeing around them a hostile world with which they refuse to compromise.

How can we bring order into this chaos, how can we find a path through this jungle? The answer is fourfold: First, to all those who personally, or vicariously in relatives, have suffered from these disorders, it is a great relief to look upon them as simply and directly as human ailments, to be studied in the same considerate manner as other ailments. Second, a modern attitude to these ailments means that at the earliest indication of trouble, when treatment has most chance of being useful, these patients will be encouraged to seek advice, where there are available suitable facilities for diagnosis and treatment. Third, a community, which has emancipated itself from mediæval views on these matters and from too narrow laboratory conceptions of disease, will realize that suitable facilities for diagnosis and treatment must be as abundantly supplied for these disorders as for other ailments and will supply the funds necessary for that intensive medical research without which little progress can be expected.

In Father Moore's volume entitled Dynamic Psychology we have an interesting example of a scholarly work kept within the procrustean bounds of Catholic theology. Thus the attempt is made to harmonize Aristotle with present-day physiological psychology. Then stress is constantly laid on religion as "the only hope" for the neurotic having a religious education, and as "the natural sublimation of human desires, always possible and always effective." Finally, the mediæval doctrine of the will, as presented in the Summa, is cleverly defended by setting the findings of modern psychologists like Woodworth and Thorndike over against those of Angell and James. Despite these artificial limitations, obviously prescribed to gain the imprimatur of the ecclesiastical authorities, this introduction to modern psychological theory and practice is exceedingly valuable. The author, as director of the clinic for mental diseases of Providence Hospital, Washington, offers a great mass of significant cases. Those that he gained overseas as captain and major in the Army Medical Corps are especially interesting. The war neuroses are analyzed with a master hand, and the description of the battlefield itself, as contrasted with the schoolboy's idealistic dream of a battle, is something not soon forgotten. In his case accounts the author now uses some newly coined words. One of these is parataxis. This is defined as an abnormal emotional adjustment, such as the trembling right arm of a soldier suffering from so-called "shell-shock." With a few relaxation exercises the tremor disappears in a couple of minutes. Now such a case might have developed into a psychoneurosis and have been diagnosed as hysteria, but it is only one element

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in the hysterical group of reactions. And the word parataxis leads to another, and that is psychotaxis. This is also useful because, after the analogy of the tropisms, it signifies the mental adjustments of individuals to both pleasant and unpleasant situations. It is also convenient because it includes many phenomena unknown to the older psychologists such as compensation, defense reaction, and sublimation. Thus novel reading is a compensatory psychotaxis, many people taking indescribable pleasure in a certain story, because in reading it they live through pleasures that have never been theirs.

We must confess that there is much relief in gaining such a word as psychotaxis. It frees one of the odium of abnormality. The complete psychoanalyst is a social bore who attaches Freudian tags to his friends and seems to take a malicious delight in giving a bad name to a dog. Yet even Father Moore succumbs to this temptation and includes a fondness for moving pictures among the defects due to overaccentuation of impulsive drives. However, these tendencies to avoid unpleasant situations, to compensate for disappointments, to sublimate life's energies into higher channels, may be counted natural. It is the task of the psychoanalyst to distinguish them from abnormal emotional adjustments, or parataxes, such as mutism and the refusal of food, for many defense reactions are rational voluntary adjustments. The shade of difference is for the expert to decide. Thus it would be wrong to look upon every tendency to maintain a state of sorrow as pathological. An unpleasant event may produce a feeling of sadness, but not every incident can call forth the tendency to remain sad.

These distinctions are valuable. The terms depression and anxiety, as so many of the psychoanalysts would have it, are not in themselves reprehensible. Yet depression, if it be long continued, if it render the individual quite hopeless, may be considered not a psychoneurosis, but a genuine parataxis. The etiology of the depression shows this. Persons suffering from manic-depressive psychosis have more insane relatives than normal individuals. Here we have a right to assume some kind of physical factor, because it is hereditary and must therefore be transmitted by the germ cells and, in all probability, by some one chromosome of these germ cells.

All this is rather hard to reconcile with the concluding chapter on the soul. The conventional Catholic description of the immaterial, indiscerptible entity is in a different realm from streams of heredity and chromosomes. And yet the philosophic problem of an internal perfecting principle, the baffling Aristotelian doctrine of form does persist, as is pointed out, in Driesch's postulate of the entelechy. It may be possible that the literal psychophobia of the behaviorists may be exorcised by the arguments of the vitalists, and the current no-soul psychology may be replaced by the doctrine of the soul as a principle of coördination, in fine, by a genuine dynamic psychology.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY.

The Public Life

The Public Life, by J. A. Spender. New York. Frederick A. Stokes Company. Two vols. 468 pages. $10.

THE PUBLIC LIFE consists of a survey and a point of view. It passes in rapid review the changes in British political method from the rule of the oligarchy of the eighteenth century to what many feel is the rule of the mob in the twentieth—the beginning of popular influence on an aristocratic Parliament through the right of petition, and as a corollary therefrom, of public meeting; the domination of the middle class after the Reform Bill when political theory tended to a minimizing of the functions of government in the interest of laissez faire; the sporting period when Parliamentary politics were a game enlarged to European dimensions by foreign ministers of the type of Palmerston and Disraeli, now and again infused with seriousness by the appeals to the country of the great agitators Cobden, Bright and O'Connell; the alliance between statesmen and the press; the new widening of the political scene by virtue of Gladstone's acceptance of the rôle of popular agitator; the establishment of a technique of politics on the American model by Joseph Chamberlain; the domination of statesmen and measures by the press as one of the competing interests which furnish salable news; the shock to Parliamentary authority by the War and the appearance of a third party. In this summary the striking phenomena are the increase in the power of the masses, and the corresponding change in the nature of public life and the characteristics of public men. Mr. Spender acutely surmises "that the chronic semi-intoxication of an eighteenth century Parliament contributed not a little to the highly spiced rhetoric and lofty sentiments of the period. These were necessary both to awaken the House and to chime in with its mood, when awake." He reminds us constantly of the principle of evolution in the process which he presents so lucidly. "What a modern demagogue might have made of the opportunity of converting the Georgian system to popular uses and carrying it forward for the benefit of political bosses will scarcely bear thinking of." He politely resists the temptation to discuss politics as in some ways an example of just this sort of arrested development. He defines the conditions of public life in these days when the controller of a group of newspapers has "a power over the mind and thought of the entire community which far exceeds that of the most powerful patrons of rotten boroughs in pre-reform days." On this phase of the public life Mr. Spender as a practical journalist is especially informed. He provides no sensational revelations, and his publishers are unduly optimistic in thinking that his remarks "will cause a fluttering in the Fleet-Street dove-cots." They might, however, have introduced Mr. Spender as a wise old bird. He says truly that "the Press might get on without politics, but politics cannot get on without the Press" (capitalization his own). "The newspaper creates the type of politician it wants, and the politician helps the newspaper to perpetuate the type." He notes that the primary element in the public life of today is publicity.

> The essential thing seems to be some capacity of projecting a picture of themselves [public men] on the screen of the public mind. It may be a homely picture or it may be a heroic picture, but it must be a picture, and its outline must not be blurred or vague. . . . All the advertisement in the world will not get their picture on to the screen if they are without the latent qualities which make the public sensitive to them. It would be idle to pretend that these qualities are confined to the able and the upright. Bottomly had them as well as Gladstone.

Mr. Spender's point of view is that of the nineteenth century liberal. He holds to the belief that "reason and argument will prevail." As an intrument of the authority of reason and argument he expounds the British House of Commons, the only sovereign parliament in the world.

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"The central fact about the House of Commons . . . is that it is not merely a legislative assembly, but also the authority which controls government," with the power of life and death over the executive. This type of parliament he regards as the true model of popular government rather than the "limited assembly" such as the American Congress. He abhors revolution and the "improvisation" to which it inevitably leads. He rejects the theory of the radical which he illustrates by an apt quotation: "'You must entirely refashion a people whom you wish to make free—destroy its prejudices, alter its habits, limit its necessities, root up its vices, purify its desires.' So spoke one of the Revolutionary Committees which issued decrees for the French people after the great upheaval. So also spoke Lenin and Trotzky a hundred and twenty-six years later."

Naturally Mr. Spender views with alarm the appearance of the Labor Party on the British scene, and finds his fears borne out by the brief experience of the Labor Government. The subservience of that government to a body outside of Parliament, representing a class, he sees as a direct challenge to the sovereignty of Parliament, and finds the most important question before the Labor Party the decision "whether its centre of gravity is to be inside Parliament or outside it"—whether Parliament is to remain a body of delegated authority or an instrument of direct action. A Third Party is in every way an anomaly in the system which Mr. Spender admires. Its presence at the polls diminishes the security of tenure of seats in Parliament which is necessary to attract to it men capable of leadership and to maintain the prestige and continuity of experience of the ruling body itself. Its accession to power is usually possible only with the concurrence of one of the other parties, and Mr. Spender makes good play with the spectacle of the MacDonald Ministry shaping its legislation to command the support of Liberals whom it was knifing in the constituencies. The present plight of the Liberal Party, with only twenty-five seats to represent a body of opinion which Mr. Spender estimates as 3,000,000 votes, in particular moves him to tears. As he rightly says, if Parliament is to continue an affair of three or more parties the only way of justice is proportional representation.

Mr. Spender tends on the whole to avoid the issue which was crucial for Liberalism—that of the War. He has a good deal to say about statesmen and war in general, but in his tenderness for his old leaders, he fails to bring them to the test. It was one of the ironies of the situation that the War and resulting peace were made, so far as Great Britain and the United States are concerned, by liberal statesmen. The theory of liberalism, of the rule of reason, is in itself not favorable to war, and liberal governments are accordingly ill-fitted by nature to prepare for it or to carry it on. Mr. Spender defends the Asquith ministry justly enough from the charge of lack of preparation; but it may be asked whether the course of the government in making commitments to foreign nations for contingencies to which their military force was inadequate was not exactly what he scores Palmerston for in the case of Denmark in 1866. It may further be inquired whether it was in accord with the theory of the sovereignty of Parliament to make these commitments behind its back. "The British Parliament was nominally free to decide what it chose in August, 1914, but if it had vetoed intervention the entire French plan of campaign . . . must have been thrown out of gear." The question still persists, by whose authority was that plan of campaign endorsed? And Mr. Spender's description of the arts practiced by the Foreign Secretary in the nineteenth century toward other nations

> To balance himself delicately on phrases which could have one meaning to those who knew and quite another to those who did not, to say things in such a manner that their apparent meaning could be indignantly disclaimed, if it threatened trouble, and to leave an opponent in doubt what he meant and exactly how much he would stand to, if challenged

apply very closely to the arts which Sir Edward Grey in the twentieth century practiced upon his own countrymen, and by which he led them to become the accomplices of Poincaré. On the whole subject of the War, Mr. Spender shows a certain naïveté, which Americans will appreciate in his references to Wilson's neutrality-proclamation as illustrating the power of the President. To believe that this country was ever neutral where its material interests were concerned, or that Mr. Wilson's school-masterly utterances had any real effect, marks a certain blind spot in Mr. Spender's perspicacity, and his solemn quotation of the jests of a Washington hostess on the subject a limit to his penetration.

Mr. Spender is true to his faith until the end. He sees that the two great problems of democratic government in the future are private property and nationalism. The first he would submit to reason. The state which makes possible the right of private property has surely the right to limit its scope and exercise. "Practically the whole question for him [the public man] if he is thinking of social justice is what can be done to redress the artificial inequalities created by the institution of property." And in international affairs he argues that there is no safety for civilization save in the extension of what among individuals Professor Huxley called the ethical, as opposed to the natural, process. Unless a public man believes in the aspect of evolution which we call progress his career is void. "The public life becomes meaningless and statesmanship a vain thing, unless it is boldly assumed that man is in some sort master of his fate and can control events to ends that may be called righteous." ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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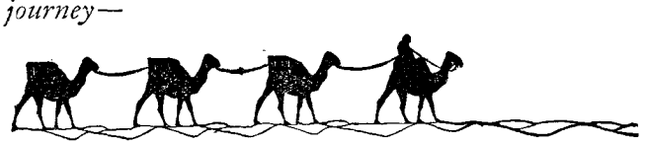

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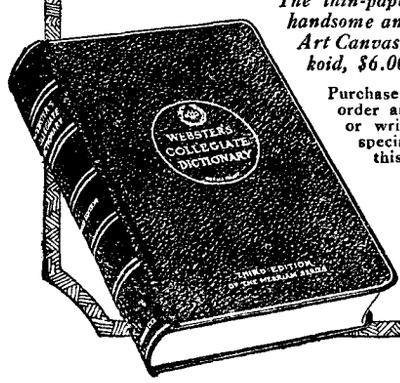

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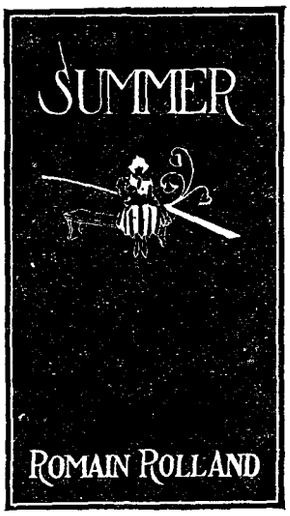

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